

The Sketch



No. 433.—VOL. XXXIV.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 15, 1901.

SIXPENCE.



HIS MAJESTY KING EDWARD VII. IN HIS REGAL ROBES.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.

THE CLUBMAN.

The Civil List—The Opening of the First Parliament of the Australian Commonwealth—The "Tantallon Castle"—"Shamrock II."—The "Strolling Players" and "The Parvenu," at St. George's Hall.

HIS MAJESTY'S Civil List, the total of which amounts to £543,000 per annum, was passed by the House of Commons on Thursday last with but few dissentient voices. The sum allotted to their Majesties' privy purse is no larger than that granted to King William III. and Queen Mary, namely, £110,000, though the expenses of the exalted position the King occupies have increased greatly since the Prince of Orange came over to this country. His Majesty has gained the admiration of his people by the devoted manner in which he fulfils all the Royal obligations, and the nation does no more than its duty in seeing that a reasonable provision should be made for the support of the Throne. Most of the Monarchs of the Continent have vast private incomes derived from property. The King of England is almost entirely dependent on the revenues of the Duchy of Lancaster and the Civil List.

Australia has been true to her motto, and has shown the Old Country how a Parliament should be opened. There is an old proverb as to eggs and grandmothers, but the Mother of Parliaments might well take a lesson in one matter from the most flourishing of her children. The Exhibition building, in which the Duke of Cornwall and York opened with all solemn formality the first Parliament of the Commonwealth, was spacious enough to accommodate all the Representatives, and a large proportion of their friends as well, and there was no ugly rush such as occurs at Westminster when the Commons are summoned to the bar of the Lords and Honourable Members hustle like schoolboys to obtain good places. The Melbourne Exhibition buildings were erected early in the 'eighties, and the Centennial Exhibition of 1888 was held in them. Standing as it does in the centre of the Carlton Gardens, the main building, with its great portal flanked by square towers and its octagonal dome, is an imposing pile. It is to Melbourne what the Albert Hall, the Agricultural Hall, and the Westminster Aquarium are to London, for the Military Tournaments are held there, and cycling contests, and in one of the two large annexes is a fine aquarium.

Earl Roberts made some remarks, in opening the bazaar in aid of the new Salisbury Plain Soldiers' Institute, which every soldier will endorse. Though the recruiting problem is not to be solved by giving the private soldier cakes and cubicles, still, to treat him well in barracks is a great move towards a good end. On the report of his comfort which a young soldier brings to his native village when he goes there on furlough very probably depends the enlistment of two or three other lads. The pay of a soldier is less than that offered in the labour market, yet the red coat has its glamour, and if in the autumn and winter evenings there are spacious, well-warmed, well-lighted places of sensible amusement, such as the Salisbury Institute will be, throughout the country for the men to go to in the hours they often find so hard to fill between afternoon parade and "lights out," the recruiting-sergeant will indirectly obtain valuable assistance from them.

Robben Island, on which the *Tantallon Castle* has grounded and is grinding herself to pieces, is chiefly known to the British public through the history of those devoted men who have given their lives to the care of the poor lepers of whom there is a settlement on the island. It is a cheerless spot of sand and rock at the mouth of Cape Town harbour, with but few buildings on it except those for housing the lepers and the lunatics, for the latter of whom there is an asylum. There is no land between Robben Island and the South Pole, and the long swell of the cold Antarctic Ocean flings up an almost perpetual surf upon its shore. The Castle Line has been unfortunate in thus losing, owing to a fog, one of their finest ships, commanded by one of their most careful Captains. Fortunately, the passengers, amongst whom were the new Governor of Natal and several distinguished military officers, did not even suffer through shock, for the vessel grounded on the sand while going dead-slow.

The east wind, we all know, is good for neither man nor beast, and it is equally inimical to yachts, for it was an easterly squall that snapped the topsail-yard of the new *Shamrock* and did other damage as she was sailing in her first trial off the Wight with the old *Shamrock*. The damage has by now been repaired, and such small accidents do not discourage so good a sportsman as Sir Thomas Lipton is. Sir Thomas had a narrow escape when the accident occurred to his yacht. The first intimation that anything was going wrong aloft was given by the fall of a heavy runner-block on to the deck. The block struck the planks only a couple of feet from where Sir Thomas was sitting. It is satisfactory to know that all on board the new yacht are very pleased with the way in which she goes before the wind, for she is able to beat her forerunner, *Shamrock I.*, on her own point of sailing.

A comedy well worth seeing for its own sake, "The Parvenu," as it is to be performed next Monday night at St. George's Hall by the clever Strolling Players, is pretty sure to draw a full house. A distinguished Committee, comprising the Marchioness of Londonderry, Lady Hilda Brodrick (wife of the Minister for War), Lady Raglan, and Lady Finlay, with Mr. T. A. Bullock as Hon. Treasurer, is promoting the performance in aid of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association, and the personal patronage of Field-Marshal Earl Roberts is promised.

THE MAN IN THE STREET.

Well Done, Santoi!—A Promising Cricketer—The Park and its Butterflies—Omnibuses on the Embankment—Smokers on the Back-Seats—Sooty Statues.

CONGRATULATIONS to Mr. George Edwardes on the splendid manner in which Santoi carried off the Jubilee Handicap at Kempton Park on Saturday! The win was a bit of a surprise to most of us, and the sporting men do not seem to have tipped Santoi, but that is all the better for Mr. Edwardes. It was not until a quarter of a mile from home that Santoi came to the front, eventually beating Caiman by a neck, with Alvescot only half a length behind. Kilmarnock II., the favourite, was fourth, as is a habit of favourites. We ought to have remembered "San Toy" and its long run at Daly's Theatre this time, and have put our money on Santoi.

There was some capital cricket on Saturday. Lancashire did not show up well against the "M.C.C.," although the Club was not very strongly represented. Surrey was prevented by want of time from beating Hampshire, and Warwickshire made hay of the London County. Cambridge was beaten by Mr. A. J. Webbe's Eleven, but the two men who opened the Cambridge innings, and were the only batsmen to score in the first innings, were the two young freshmen, L. V. Harper and H. K. Longman. Longman was the crack bat at Eton last year, and, indeed, was the best of the Public School cricketers. He is, I hear, a son of G. H. Longman, who played for Cambridge from 1872 to 1875, and was Captain in 1874 and 1875. If so, the son is following worthily in his father's footsteps.

The Park has by no means got all its summer glories on yet. Nobody seems quite to know what to do, for the east winds make some sort of wrap a necessity, and yet here we are well into the month of May, which is said to be the early summer. The Court mourning is another cause of uncertainty, as a great many people who have relations with the Court are, of course, still in black, while the people who were affected only by the general mourning have gone into colours. Sunday was by no means an ideal spring day, and Church Parade suffered in consequence. I do not think that I have ever seen so few people in the Row, or so few carriages in the Park, in the middle of May as this year. We want a little warm weather to bring out the butterflies—the smart people in smart frocks—but at present the Park is as dull as the rest of London.

We are told that the crowded state of the Strand is to be alleviated this summer by turning a good deal of the omnibus traffic on to the Embankment. It will puzzle the police to choose which omnibuses are to go down the Strand and which along the Embankment, so as to please all parties. For those who wish to go as quickly as possible from Charing Cross to the Bank, the Embankment is an ideal route. It is wide and it is empty, so that, unless the authorities set to work to pull it up as soon as the omnibuses are turned into it, the drivers will be able to get some pace on to their vehicles. But most of us want to get on or off in the Strand or Fleet Street, and the Embankment labours under the disadvantage of being off the direct line of traffic. The Thames for steamboats and the Embankment for omnibuses are both hampered by this drawback. There are certain main-routes for traffic, and to the houses and places of business along them men will go. Most of us have no time to go anywhere else.

And, whilst talking of omnibuses, I see that someone has suggested that the back-seats on the top of omnibuses should be reserved for smokers, so as to give non-smokers a chance. But, when a breeze is blowing, it is not only the non-smoker who suffers, for even a smoker is liable to get bits of burning tobacco or paper in his eye from those smoking in front of him. In a wind, a pipe loaded with overdry tobacco is a real danger to one's eyes; but unless a man with that sort of smoke sat in one of the two back-seats, he might still singe someone. It seems to be an American idea to put smokers in the back-seats. Here we look on the whole top of the 'bus as the smoking-compartment, and on the inside as the non-smokers' place. And, on the whole, this arrangement works very well.

I wish the authorities would give our statues in London a dose of soap-and-water. The Warriors in Trafalgar Square are thick with soot and grime, and many of the statues are almost indistinguishable, as their features are choked with dirt. The very name of spring-cleaning is an abomination, but here are some silent heroes who would not say a word if in May they were well scrubbed down for the summer season. As it is, they stand forlorn in the sooty air, and the dirt gradually encrusts them more and more, till all their outlines are blurred and indistinct. Here is a chance for the good men and true whom we so recently elected to be Borough Councillors or Vestrymen, or whatever it is. Why do not they take off their coats and justify their existence by going out with pail and scrubbing-brush and putting a shine on the London statues? "The Man in the Street" would be glad to hear of something useful being done by the men he has elected to rule over him. Now, then, gentlemen of the Councils and Vestries, let us see what you can do in the way of cleaning the soot off the statues round about Charing Cross. You will find your work cut out for you when you once begin.



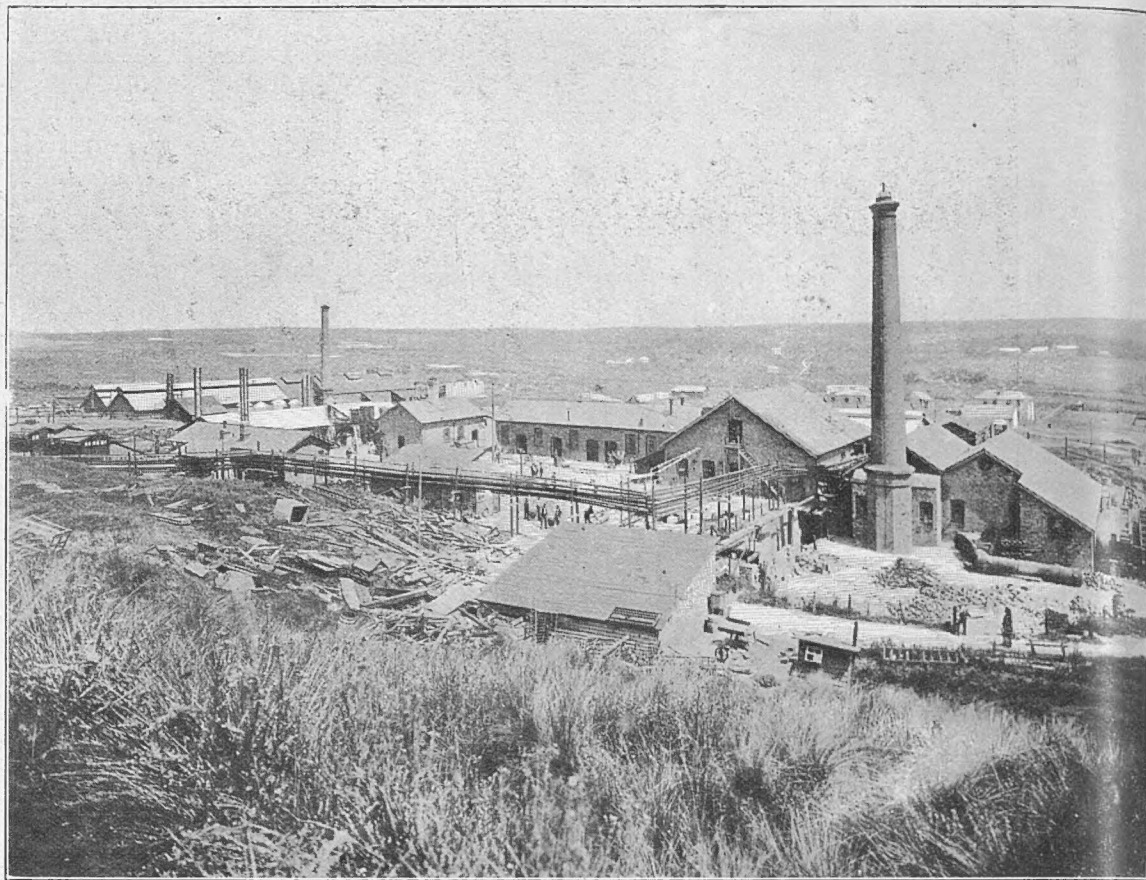
HER MAJESTY QUEEN ALEXANDRA IN HER REGAL ROBES.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.

THE NATIONAL EXPLOSIVES COMPANY.

ABOUT two miles from the port of Hayle, the last stopping-place upon the Great Western line before Penzance, are the factories of the National Explosives Company, Limited, whereat a little army of Cornish workers finds employment. The public has heard a good deal of this company of late, thanks to the finding of the Select Committee of the House of Commons which devoted so much time during the months of May and June 1900 to inquiring into the relative reliability of the firms upon which the country is dependent in times of war for the supply of explosives and ammunition. The National Company is one of the chief contractors for the supply to the British Government of the high explosive known as Cordite, and the report of the Committee awarded it the foremost place in point of excellence of quality, punctuality of delivery, and moderation of tender. The factory was established in 1888 for the manufacture of high explosives for mining purposes, and so energetic and able was its management that a successful attack was quickly made upon the monopoly of the Nobel Dynamite Trust, to the benefit of mining investors in all parts of the world. The business of the Company has since spread rapidly, until now upwards of one hundred separate buildings are spread over nearly twice as many acres. The first view represents the buildings in which is housed the machinery for the distribution of electricity, steam, or compressed air among the scores of smaller structures in which the dangerous work is done. The latter are spread over a wide area, each being isolated from the rest by banks of earthwork rising up to its roof. This precaution is insisted upon by the Home Office with a view to the prevention of accidents, and so effective has it proved in the case of the

National Company that only two fatal explosions, with a total loss of three lives, have occurred in a period of thirteen years. Cordite, with the name of which the public is now tolerably familiar, was first adopted for military purposes by the British Government in the year 1895. It is



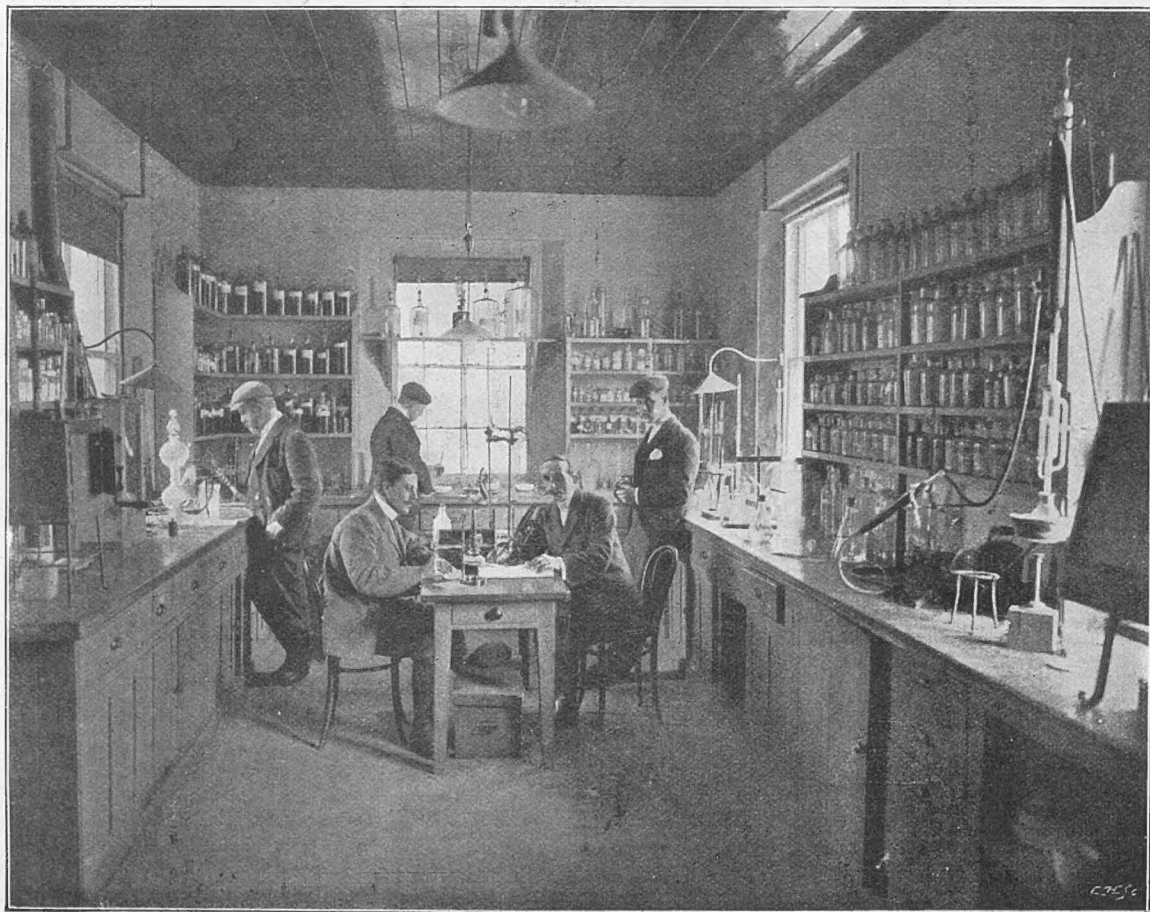
VIEW OF MACHINERY-HOUSES FROM THE WESTERN SAND-HILLS.

the perfection of smokeless powder, the most unerring propelling agency yet discovered. It derives its name from its shape, and in process of manufacture suggests the appearance of discoloured macaroni. It is

made in all sizes, to fit the charges of the various weapons used by our land and sea forces, from the 12-inch naval gun taking cords half-an-inch diameter, down to the Webley pistol, which takes threads not exceeding one-hundredth part of an inch in thickness.

The process of manufacture need not be discussed, for any description must necessarily so teem with technicalities as to be caviare to the general. One of the essentials, however, may be mentioned. Mixed acids have to be forced up to a tower at the highest point of the estate, known as Jack Straw's Castle, to be mixed with glycerine, when the first process of nitrating takes place. One of the illustrations shows the system of conduits by which the nitro-glycerine permeates back to the lower levels, increasing in purity at each successive halting-place.

It goes without saying that in the control of a huge establishment everything must be done by system. There are two divisions of the factory, colloquially known among the men as the "outside" and the "inside." The "outside" comprises those departments which are not primarily dangerous, and where the stringent precautions which rule "inside" are not essential. In the "inside," on the other hand, there are iron rules which must be obeyed to the letter. The visitor who crosses the



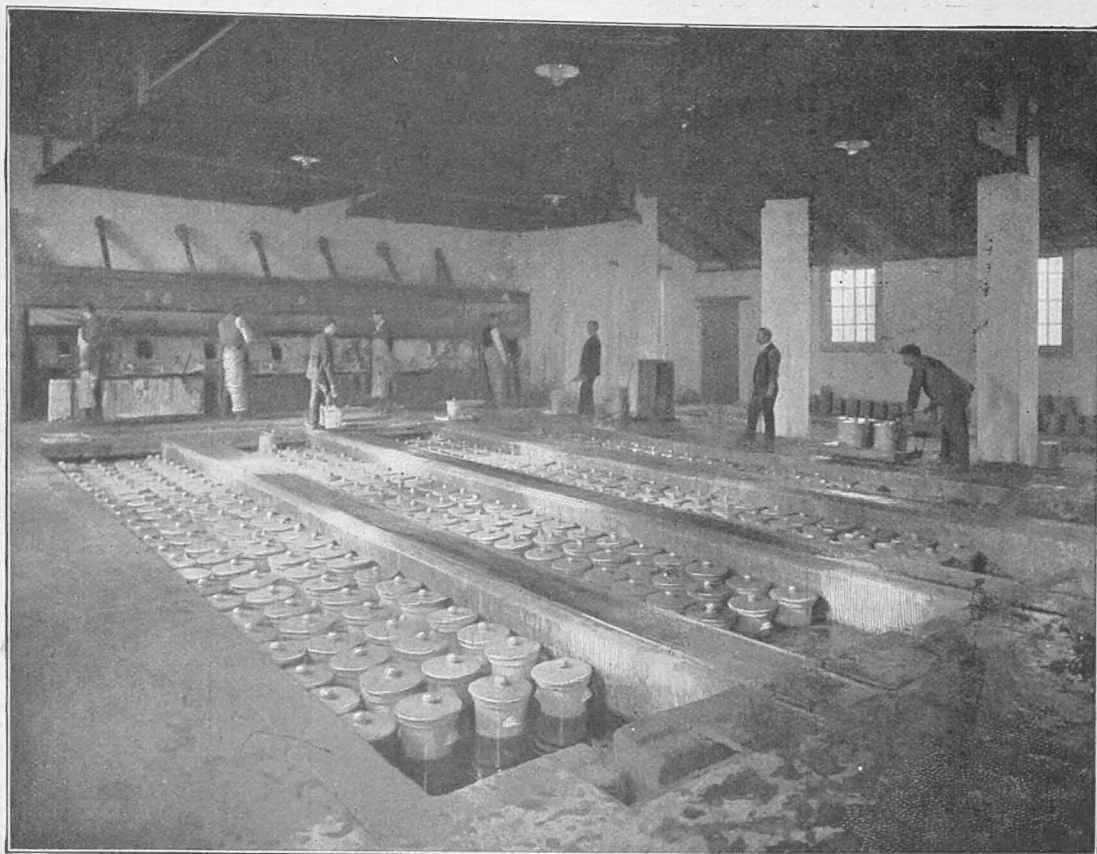
THE LABORATORY.

boundary of this Danger Area under the conduct of the Manager must submit to be searched, so that nothing in the nature of glass, knives, or matches is left in his pockets. He will not be allowed to pass beyond the doors of the shops, though he can observe the operations from the entrance. No one is allowed to set foot upon the polished white floors until he has donned special soft-soled boots. When the visitor sees what precautions are insisted upon in his own case, he will not be surprised to learn that in the early days of the Company the difficulty of obtaining workers in sufficient force was a source of some embarrassment. Although men still prefer to work in the "outside" department, in spite of the temptation of the higher wages obtainable in the Danger Area, much of the prejudice against this form of employment has now been overcome. Work goes on by night and day, for without this constant labour the large Government and other contracts could never be fulfilled. In the manufacture of blasting explosives large numbers of girls find employment, and the attention of the visitor is at once attracted to the remarkable clearness of complexion which is the common characteristic of all the women operatives, and is owing to contact with the nitro-glycerine.

The Company runs its own steamers to carry the produce of the factory from the Channel to the Thames, while its acid-tanks are to be seen daily upon the lines of the Great Western Railway. For bringing the raw materials from the harbour to the works, a huge traction-engine has recently superseded the older method of cartage.

Spirited as has been the enterprise of the Company in competing for the supply of mining explosives in all parts of the world, the greatest gold-field of all has hitherto been barred against it. We refer to the Witwatersrand, the seat of the iniquitous Transvaal dynamite monopoly, now a thing of the past, thanks to the institution of British rule. With the reopening of the South African mines, a vista of fresh prosperity will open for the Company,

which has already established its supremacy in the field of Government supply. Even with Johannesburg closed against them, the Directors of the National Explosives Company have done extremely well for their shareholders. For each of the past five years, regular dividends at the rate of eleven per cent. have been paid upon the Ordinary shares. The fortunate owners of the Deferred shares have at the same time received

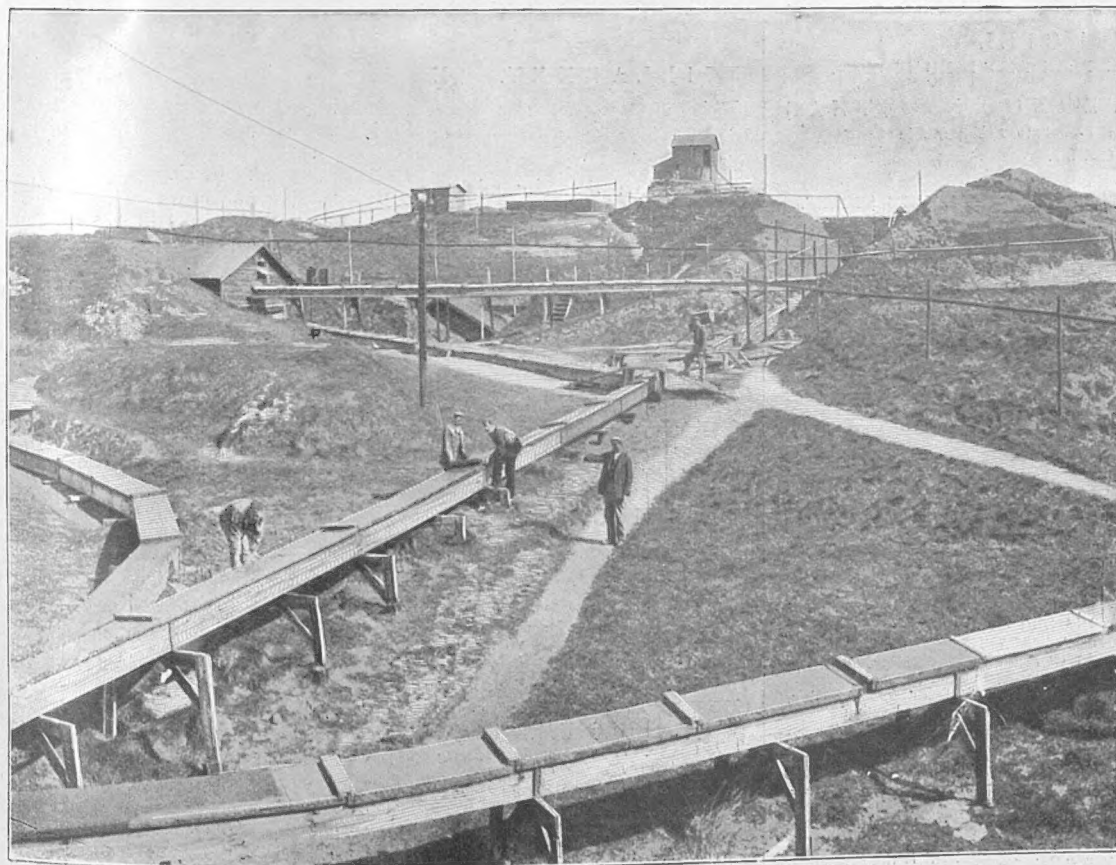


INTERIOR OF THE GUN-COTTON NITRATING HOUSE.

profits on a sensational scale, something between four and five pounds having been paid in each year upon every one-pound share. It need hardly be said that shares of the latter class rarely come upon the market, but the Ordinary may still be bought at a slight premium, so as to yield the buyer nearly eight per cent. upon his purchase-money. Some time ago the Directors retired an issue of Debentures

which had been made a few years previously, and this action raised the Preference shares into the position of a gilt-edged security. The sound financial policy of the Board is exemplified in their devoting a proportion of each year's earnings to the building up of a substantial reserve fund, while they have regularly charged to revenue large sums expended in the improvement of machinery and plant.

In the success of a large industrial undertaking, much depends upon management, and the National Explosives Company is exceptionally fortunate in its Directorate. Mr. Athol Thorne has been Chairman since the founding of the Company in 1888, and the other remaining members of the original Board are Mr. Bernhard Kahn, Mr. Reginald Ryley, and Mr. D. Henry Shilson. In 1891 the well-known Professor Dr. George Lunge, who is, perhaps, the first authority in the world upon sulphuric acid and kindred substances, joined the Board, and in 1895 Mr. Sydney Whitman became a Director. Mr. George Henry Perks accepted the position of General Manager in the early days of the Company, and with what success his labours have been attended the present flourishing condition of the Company sufficiently testifies.



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SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

The King as a Public Speaker.

His Majesty the King, it is generally admitted, possesses in full measure the admirable faculty of saying the right thing in the right way in his public utterances. His recent replies from his Throne in St. James's Palace to the congratulations of representative bodies were tactful and judicious, as well as characterised by felicity of phrase and a lack of ambiguity. It is long ago, indeed, since the King first evinced his capacity in this direction. His speeches have always been distinguished for their lucidity and sincerity. His Majesty closely resembles his father in this respect. Though well-nigh forty years have passed since the death of the Prince Consort, his addresses might, in several respects, serve to-day as models for public speakers. The "Speeches and Addresses of His Royal Highness Prince Albert," issued in two editions by the Society of Arts in 1857, must now be somewhat rare.

The King and the Scots Guards.

The Scots Guards are a highly favoured regiment, for, in addition to the many marks of Royal favour shown them in the past, on the 24th inst., the birthday of Her late Majesty, King Edward will present the recently formed 3rd Battalion with its first set of colours on the Horse Guards Parade. The battalion, which left London only a week or two ago, will be brought up from Windsor for the occasion. Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. N. de Coigny Dalrymple now commands the 3rd Scots, but on the 24th Colonel H. Fludyer, the Regimental Commander, will be in charge of the Parade, in place of the Field Officer in Brigade Waiting. It is a happy coincidence that Colonel Fludyer and Lieutenant-Colonel Dalrymple both served with the 1st Battalion of the Scots Guards in the Egyptian Campaign of 1882, and in the Soudan Campaign three years later Colonel Fludyer served with the 2nd Battalion, while Lieutenant-Colonel Dalrymple was Brigade-Major to the Guards Brigade. Though composed mainly of young soldiers, the new battalion is said to consist of a very fine set of men, and only the other day it sent off more than two hundred officers and men to join the two battalions now at "the Front."

Melbourne the Mighty.

Notwithstanding its comparative youth, Melbourne is a mighty city, and, as in duty bound, has awarded its Royal visitors a truly mighty welcome; and a picturesque touch was added to the arrival of the *Ophir* by the fact that all the warships in the great harbour fired an extra salute in honour of the birthday of the young Empress of Russia, who is, by marriage, doubly a first-cousin of the Duke of Cornwall and York. Among those veteran Australian squatters who joined in the ovation offered the Royal pair must be at least a few old men and women who can remember when Melbourne was known as Williamstown, after the Sailor King. Nowadays, it is rather curious to think that the Royal name should have been abandoned in favour of that of a Premier!

Royal Hand-shakes.

It would be interesting to know if King Edward, during his life as Prince of Wales, ever had occasion to go through such an ordeal as that which befell his son last week, when the Duke of Cornwall and York was compelled to give five thousand hand-shakes! Probably the only time his august father had in any sense the same kind of experience was during his tour in America. His short sojourn in New York drove the city wild with excitement, and "Baron Renfrew" was introduced to every one of the five thousand guests invited to meet him at a great ball given in his honour.

The King's Message to Australia.

The crowning feature of the Royal tour, the opening by the Duke of Cornwall and York in the Great Exhibition Building of Melbourne of the first Parliament of the Australian Commonwealth on May 9, was a brilliant function of Imperial grandeur. Mr. Joseph Watson, the smart Special

Correspondent of Reuter's Agency, through the invaluable medium of the Eastern Extension Telegraph Cable, was first to bring the scene home to us in vivid style. With just pride must His Majesty have learnt how well his son represented him, and how his fair daughter-in-law with her gracious smile won all hearts just as Queen Alexandra charms everyone in the old Homeland. A point of great personal interest in our Sailor Prince's apt and admirable speech was the emphasis with which he referred to the fact that it was the wish of the late Queen that he should visit Australia. His Royal Highness spoke of Her Majesty as "my beloved and deeply lamented grandmother, Queen Victoria," and added, "The King, my dear father, fully sharing Her late Majesty's wishes, decided to give effect to them," and consented to the separation, moved by his sense of the loyalty and devotion which prompted the generous aid afforded by all the Colonies in the South African War, and the splendid bravery of the Colonial troops. The Duke had the satisfaction, in conclusion, of reading His Majesty's telegram: "My thoughts are with you on this auspicious occasion. I wish the Commonwealth of Australia every happiness and prosperity." So mote it be! Hands across the sea!



THE QUEEN-MOTHER, AND THE KING OF SPAIN, WHO COMES OF AGE LEGALLY, THOUGH ONLY FIFTEEN, ON MAY 17.

Photo by Valentin, Madrid.

A Reminiscence of Home.

The Duchess of Cornwall and York must have felt somewhat stirred and touched when she first became aware of the fact that Government House, Melbourne, is an almost exact replica of Osborne House, where she and her children have spent so many happy days. The story goes that, when the plans for Government House were under discussion, it was decided that an English country-seat should be taken as model, and accordingly the loyal Colonials decided that they could not do better than copy the then Sovereign's island-home.

A Group of Grosvenors.

An imposing group of Grosvenors greeted their Royal Highnesses as they set foot on Australian soil, and it must have been a pleasure both to the Duke and to the Duchess to see once more both Lord Lamington and Lord Tennyson, the latter bearing a name affectionately honoured by the Duchess of Cornwall and York from the days of her infancy, for the late Duchess of Teck was an enthusiastic admirer of the greatest of Victorian poets, and particularly treasured a copy of the first Lord Tennyson's works annotated in his own handwriting. As Governor of South Australia, Lord Tennyson has shown that the son of a poet can yet be a very practical man, and he and his charming Irish wife, *née* Boyle, have made themselves exceedingly popular. As for Lord Lamington, Queensland, and, indeed, all Australia, hail him as an old friend, for he has held his present appointment for seven years, and his eldest son and heir, born in the Colony, has as his third name "Brisbane."

A King's Legal Coming of Age.

Although it is said that the Queen-Regent will continue in her responsible position for another year, King Alphonso practically comes of age on Friday (May 17), for he will then have accomplished his fifteen years of life, and, according to Spanish law, a youth then attains the full age of reason. So true is this that already the good folk of Madrid are looking forward eagerly to their young Sovereign's engagement and marriage, and, as it is known that the King is extremely anxious to make a tour of the European capitals, it is thought probable that he will bring a bride, or the promise of a bride, home with him. Alphonso XIII. is sure of an enthusiastic welcome nowhere more sincere than in this country and in France, where the Queen-Regent is very popular, and is thought to have French sympathies. On leaving Spain, the youthful Sovereign will first proceed to Rome, in order to greet his venerable godfather, Pope Leo, with whom he is in constant correspondence. It should be added that Alphonso XIII. may not be able to leave his country when the Carlists and Republicans are said to be both watching for an opportunity to rise.

*Royal Gratitude
Royally Expressed.*

Gratitude has just been royally expressed by Princess Henry of Battenberg, by whose orders there has been sent out to South Africa a beautiful monument partly designed by herself, and which is to be put up over the grave of one of the most popular of the younger Army doctors, the late Major George Hilliard, who died last September from the effects of wounds.

Major Hilliard, who was not yet forty, attended Prince Henry of Battenberg in his fatal illness, and was the recipient of many confidences and messages which were ultimately delivered by him to the sorrowing Princess. Her Royal Highness never lost sight of the man who attended her husband so devotedly. She sent for him before he started for the South African campaign, and presented him with several valuable additions to his kit, and both Her Royal Highness and the late Sovereign were genuinely grieved to hear the sad news of his early death.



THE DUCHESS OF BEAUFORT,

A GREAT PATRONESS OF THE OPERA AT COVENT GARDEN.

Photo by Langflet, Old Bond Street, W.

in the Island of Mull, Argyllshire, as a memorial of William Black the novelist, is now completed, and has been taken over by the Northern Lights Commissioners, who have placed a flash-light in the tower, visible twelve nautical miles in clear weather. The handsome castellated tower, subscribed for, through the indefatigable efforts of Sir Archibald Campbell, by admirers of William Black in this country and in America, is erected amid scenes in which the late distinguished romancist took especial delight, and is in the track of steamers conveying thousands of tourists annually between Oban and the famed Caves of Staffa.

*Honour where
Honour is Due.*

As I had the privilege of knowing for many years the late Sir John Pender, G.C.M.G., whose services to his country as the wise and munificent pioneer of Ocean Telegraphy could not be over-praised, it gave me great pleasure to hear that his hard-working son, and devoted successor as Managing

Director of the Eastern Telegraph Company, Mr. John Denison Pender, had received a very gratifying honour from King Christian of Denmark. The "Sea King" father of our beloved Queen has signalled his high appreciation of Mr. Pender's great telegraphic services to the Continent, and, indeed, to the world at large, in common with his native land, by making him a Knight Commander of the Dannebrog. The King of Denmark has furthermore decorated two able and assiduous heads of Mr. Pender's efficient managerial staff, Mr. William Hibberdine and Mr. F. E. Hesse, with the Order of the Dannebrog.

Freemasons are looking forward with profound interest to the coming ceremony at the Albert Hall, where King Edward,



MRS. ARTHUR PAGET,

ANOTHER PATRONESS OF THE OPERA AT COVENT GARDEN.

Photo by Langflet, Old Bond Street, W.

in welcoming the Duke of Connaught as his successor in the office of Most Worshipful Grand Master, will assuredly recall the magnificent scene he beheld under the same roof when the record collection of £140,000,

or thereabouts, was announced by Bro. J. Morrison McLeod as the subscription to the Royal Masonic Institution for Boys. Whilst the builders are completing the new school at Bushey, the Masonic Girls' School on the other side of the Thames is not neglected. On the contrary, Brother Hedges had the satisfaction of stating at the annual festival on May 8 that the record sum of £26,519 had been subscribed for that useful institution, the claims of which Earl Amherst, Pro-Grand Master, earnestly advocated as Chairman, and a very good Chairman, too.

*Miss Irene
Vanbrugh Engaged
to Mr. Dion
Boucicault.*

There has scarcely been a theatrical engagement—and there have been many in late years—that has given such general satisfaction as that of the delightful actress, Miss Irene Vanbrugh, and Mr. Dion Boucicault, the clever creator of the drunken *roué* rôle in "Lady Huntworth's Experiment." Miss Vanbrugh has only just returned from America, where she has had an unbroken personal success in "The Gay Lord Quex," and, in all probability, when she appears before the English public again her marriage will have taken place. Mr. Boucicault was not originally destined for the stage. He had passed all his Army examinations, and had chosen a cavalry regiment, when he changed his mind as to his profession. His family is of pure Bourbon extract, and, as de Boucicault, his name is famous in French history. Miss Vanbrugh, on the



MR. DION BOUCICAULT, THE CLEVER ACTOR WHO IS TO MARRY
MISS IRENE VANBRUGH.

Photo by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.

contrary, is purely English, for she comes of an old Devonshire family. She and her similarly gifted sister, Miss Violet Vanbrugh, must have studied hard to gain their deservedly eminent position on the stage.

*Miss Suzanne
Sheldon Engaged to
Mr. Herbert Sleath.*

Another important theatrical marriage looming in the near future is that of Miss Suzanne Sheldon (of America) and Mr. Herbert Sleath (of England). This handsome young couple, who have (*entre nous*) been engaged for over a year, will, I gather, settle down either late in June or early in July. Miss Sheldon, one of those beautiful blondes whom America imports here in such large numbers, made her first important appearance in London at the Adelphi (that was) as the heroine in Messrs. Seymour Hicks and Fred G. Latham's nautical drama, "With Flying Colours." In this play, it will be remembered, the persecuted hero was, soon after the first production, played by the aforesaid bridegroom-elect. Indeed, it was about that time that this good-looking young actor and theatre-exploiter plighted his troth.

The lovely bride-elect subsequently played the faithful and disguising worshipper of Claverhouse, in the clever but not too prosperous drama, "Bonnie Dundee," at the now defunct Adelphi, and since then she has often delighted Metropolitan audiences. Mr. Sleath, whom I found naturally elated at being accepted by so charming and artistic a lady, tells me that, even if he should fail to behave himself as he ought to his lovely wife, she has two stalwart brothers, each standing over six feet, and both renowned athletes at Yale. In the meantime, Mr. Sleath nightly continues to play in that charming piece, "The Second in Command," at the Haymarket, and to run certain theatres. Miss Sheldon will not leave the stage.

A Favoured Medico.

Dr. Alan Reeve Manby, who has lately been appointed His Majesty's Surgeon-Apothecary at Sandringham, is deservedly popular both in his own esteemed profession and among a large circle of patients. He is intimately acquainted with the constitution both of the King and of the King's family, and the fact that he was chosen to form one of the suite of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York shows what trust is reposed in his medical knowledge and judgment by the Sovereign and by Queen Alexandra. Mrs. Reeve Manby is also very popular in Norfolk, and a good deal of sympathy was felt with her when it became known that Dr. Reeve Manby would be one of the travellers on the *Ophir*, for this entailed the first separation during twenty-five years of happy married life.



DR. ALAN REEVE
MANBY.

Surgeon-Apothecary to the
King's Household at Sand-
ringham. Photo by Pragnell,
Brompton Square.

Major-General Sir J. D. P. French.

Major-General Sir J. D. P. French, one of the most deserving of the new "K.C.B.'s," has unfortunately been compelled to temporarily vacate command of the Cavalry Division, as he is in need of a short rest after his prolonged exertions, extending from the Battle of Elandslaagte in Natal to the Relief of Kimberley, the heading-off of Cronjé, and all the most important cavalry operations since. As Lord Roberts said, "His services have been of incalculable value to the Empire." It is interesting to learn that Sir J. D. P. French

does not agree that his particular branch of the Service is an effete arm, as so many now contend; indeed, he says the man who thinks so had "better be sent off to Bedlam at once," and that it is simply childlike to say that Mounted Infantry could take its place. He has nothing but good to say of the units he commanded.

Kimberley's Sword for General French.

Kimberley has shown its appreciation of the services of our crack Cavalry Commander in the relief of the town by raising a fund to present him with a handsome sword and an address in a silver casket. The sword should be one of the finest ever presented to a successful General, for, in addition to the large sum collected for its purchase, the De Beers Company have presented twenty very fine selected diamonds for the ornamentation of its cross-bar. The inscription on the scabbard will read, "Presented to Major-General Sir John Denton Pinkstone French by the inhabitants of Kimberley in grateful remembrance of February 14, 1900." May the brave General soon be able to resume his command!

Lieutenant H. J. C. Leland, D.S.O.

Lieutenant Leland, A.D.C. to Sir James Willcocks in the recent Ashanti Expedition, is the son of the late J. Smallman Leland, M.D., of Kirkby-Stephen, Westmorland, and was educated at the Bedford School. He started his military career in the Royal Limerick County Militia, and in 1897 joined the Gold Coast Con-



LIEUTENANT LELAND, D.S.O., ADJUTANT OF THE
HOUSSA FRONTIER FORCE.

Photo by Mayall and Co., Ltd., Piccadilly

stabulary, and served under the late Colonel Northcott, C.B., in the operations in the Gold Coast Hinterland, for which he received his first medal. During 1899 he held the appointment of Commissioner of the Western Frontier of the Gold Coast, and acted as Political Officer to the punitive force sent against the Gamans under the command of Captain Donald Stewart, C.M.G., Resident of Kumasi, which successfully quelled the insurrection in the Pulliano District. Sir James Willcocks selected him as his A.D.C. during the Ashanti Expedition, for which he was twice mentioned in despatches, gazetted to a commission in the Regular Army, and now the King has been graciously pleased to create him a Companion of the Distinguished Service Order. On vacating his appointment as A.D.C., he was appointed Adjutant of the Houssa Frontier Force, in which capacity he is now serving at Accra.

The First Militia "C.B."

Colonel J. A. Man-Stuart, C.M.G., of the 3rd Gordon Highlanders, has the unique distinction of being the first Militia officer to be gazetted a "C.B." This honour has been awarded him for his services as Base Commandant of Sir James Willcocks's Kumasi Expedition. Though a Militia officer, Colonel Man-Stuart has had a most exceptional career, for in 1863 he served in China with the Field Force under Brigadier Murray (medal) and with the Anglo-Chinese Contingent under "Chinese Gordon" in the Taiping Campaigns, for which he got the Chinese medal and 2nd Class of the "Order of the Precious Star." Ten years later he raised a corps of Military Police for the Treaty District of Newchwang, then infested by banditti, and subsequently commanded it, becoming Brevet-Colonel in the Chinese Army, and receiving the Cross of the Italian Crown. In 1884-5 he served in the Nile Expedition, getting the medal and star, and later got the 4th Class of the Osmanieh for acting as A.D.C. to General Valentine Baker and as Inspector-General of Gendarmerie. For five years lately he commanded the troops in Trinidad. Colonel Man-Stuart's record will take a good deal of beating.

Captain Basil Hood.

A man endowed with plenty of ability and a love of work is bound to succeed sooner or later. Captain Basil Hood, whose portrait at the age of twenty-five I give herewith, has come to the front somewhat sooner than most men. He looks very little older to this day. At the present moment, he is the author of two of the greatest theatrical successes in London, namely, "The Emerald Isle," at the Savoy, and "Sweet and Twenty," at the Vaudeville. In all probability, he will go on writing successful Savoy operas and comedies for many years to come. Good luck go with him!

The Silver Thames.

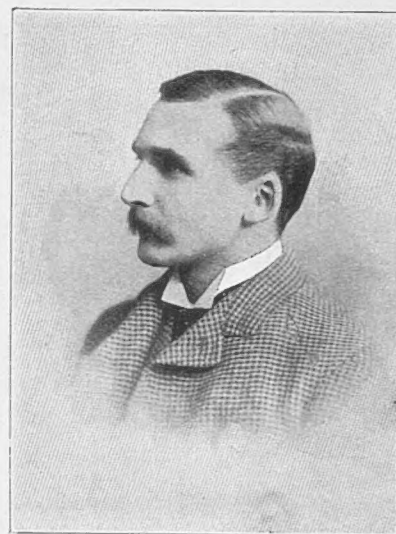
Old Father Thames has suddenly become fashionable. Already last year many people well known in Society took houses on the river-bank; now, there has been a positive rush to secure riverside residences, and fashionable doctors are recommending the "boating cure" to both their men and lady patients. Oakley Court, a charming place near historic Bray, will be occupied this summer by Lady Sarah Wilson, who must still require a rest after her exciting adventures in Mafeking. Madame Melba, unlike most singers, is not in the least afraid of river-damp, and she has again taken Mr. Errington's lovely cottage in the Quarry Woods. Major Arthur Griffiths, most energetic of boatmen and scribes, has let his pretty house at Marlow to Mr. Douglas Pennant; and those who spend much of their leisure on the river will often, doubtless, catch a glimpse of two of Mr. Sargent's lovely sitters, for General Owen Williams has let Temple House to Mr. C. Wertheimer. Houses near Windsor are also being snapped up, especially those with a river frontage. Kingsmead, to which attaches some interesting historical associations, will be occupied by Sir Samuel and Lady Sophie Scott; and the Duke and Duchess of Westminster have also taken a pretty place close to the Royal Borough.

The New German Ministry.

"Miquel will have to see it through or he will have to go," were the words which His Majesty the German Emperor is reported to have uttered some months ago when speaking of the famous Canal Bill (writes the Berlin Correspondent of *The Sketch*). Miquel has certainly failed to "see it through," and equally certain it is that he has disappeared from the scene of Prussian politics. Herr von Miquel was not beloved by the majority; he rejoiced in the nickname of "old fox," amongst other things, and sly he most decidedly was—too clever for most, in fact. He is seventy-three years of age, and intends spending the rest of his days in ease and comfort at Frankfort-on-the-Main. His successor, Herr von Rheinbaben, has no easy task before him. The position of Minister of Finance is no enviable one either in Germany or England.

Herr von Podbielski.

The German Postmaster-General, Herr von Podbielski, has been given the Portfolio of Agriculture. If he succeeds as well in his new office as he has in his postal sphere of duty, all will be more than satisfied. I happen to know (adds my Berlin Correspondent) that he for some days refused the new office which the Kaiser tendered to him. In fact, not until the Emperor telegraphed his urgent wish that he should take the post did he finally agree to undertake his new responsibilities. He was born at Frankfort-on-the-Main in 1844, and is a jovial man altogether, very different from the cut-and-dried stamp of German officials generally to be met with; indeed, he is thoroughly popular all round.

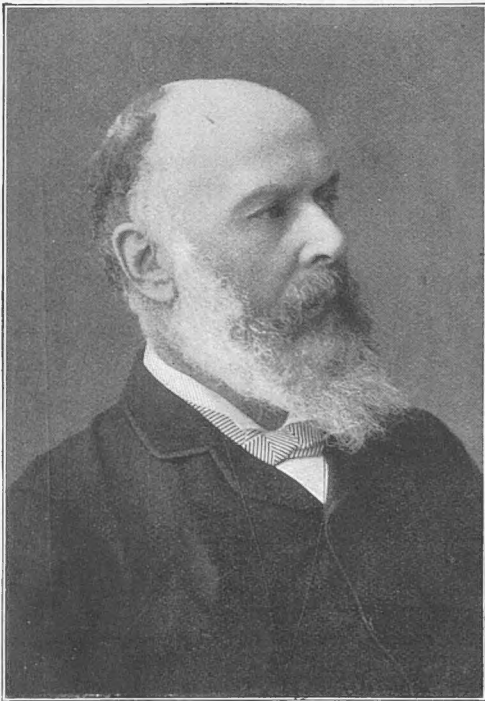


CAPTAIN BASIL HOOD
(AUTHOR OF "SWEET AND TWENTY," AT THE
VAUDEVILLE) AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-FIVE.
Photo by Lafayette, London and Dublin.

The Kaiser at Kiel. It is reported in the German Press that the German Emperor, while at Kiel, had occasion to remark on several occasions a distinct want of politeness towards himself from the workmen in the harbour. When His Majesty passed by, many of the men refused even so much as to take off their hats to him. The Kaiser made a formal complaint about the matter to the proper authorities, and the workmen were informed that it was a matter of ordinary politeness and courtesy to uncover to the ruler of the country.

The Crown Prince. The Crown Prince celebrates to-day his nineteenth birthday, but, in contrast to last year, when he came of age, quite quietly with his father and mother at Karlsruhe. I learn from Bonn (continues my Berlin Correspondent) that the Crown Prince has created a most pleasing impression amongst not only his Professors, but also his fellow students, or "Kommilitonen," as they call themselves. He attends all the lectures appointed for him with the greatest regularity, and sits not in the first row, but just anywhere where a place happens to be vacant. These little acts on his part undoubtedly tend considerably towards his becoming increasingly popular among his fellow students, who, like their *confrères* at the English Universities, are not admirers of excessive "side."

The Werder Cherry-trees. At this time of the year thousands of Berliners flock out to Werder to see the cherry-trees in full bloom. Last Sunday week no less than thirty thousand of the inhabitants of Berlin went thither. Nor were they disappointed: such a profusion of magnificent cherry-blossom I have never seen. The trees seemed, as it were, covered with snow, so richly laden were they with lovely white blossom. Werder is a little island situated at the mouth of the Havel, about five miles from Potsdam. The word "Werder" properly signifies an island in a river, and is often written "Waerder" and "Woerth."



SIR JOHN GORST, M.P.,
WHO INTRODUCED THE NEW EDUCATION BILL INTO THE
HOUSE OF COMMONS.
Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

present, there are several visitors at Friedrichshof, amongst others Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark, Prince Münster, formerly German Ambassador in Paris, and the Crown Prince and Princess of Greece.

King and Commons. The discussion on the Civil List was creditable to the House of Commons. With the exception of a very few Radicals, the members of both English Parties recognised the reasonableness of the provision proposed by the Government. The critics were courteous and restrained in their language, and the House listened to them without any of the hubbub which was raised on a memorable occasion in the last reign.

The Chancellor's Comments. There were several interesting passages in the statement of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. He mentioned that the King has no personal fortune, as the savings of the late Queen were devoted by her for the benefit of her younger children. It was evident from what he said that Balmoral and Osborne are to be maintained by His Majesty. The House was gratified to hear of the personal interest which the King, when Prince of Wales, took in the administration of the Duchy of Cornwall. It was on his initiative that, when the long leases on the property in the South of London fell in, new building-leases were not given, but houses were erected and let direct to tenants.

Opponents of the Civil List. No Parliamentary man ever discharged a disagreeable duty with greater dignity than was shown by Mr. John Redmond in submitting the Nationalist protest against the grant for "the Head of the British Constitution." His language was emphatic but gentleman-like. Mr. Labouchere was as

genial as usual, and, although Mr. Keir Hardie and Mr. John Burns repeated Socialist phrases, they refrained from wounding the susceptibilities of the King's friends. Only fifty-eight members, including the Irish, voted in the final division against the just provision for the King.

Sir John Gorst and his Bill. In cleverness few men on the Treasury Bench equal Sir John Gorst. His

brain is very keen, and his tongue is sharp. If he were less original, he might have been in the Cabinet. He is a difficult colleague, but evidently he gets on well with his present chief, the Duke of Devonshire, who is not too sensitive. Sir John Gorst is personally popular, and perhaps Liberals like him better than some of the men on his own side. The House gave him a friendly ear when he submitted the Education Bill. This measure entrusts the County Councils and the County Borough Councils with the complete supervision of technical and secondary education, and empowers them for the purpose to raise a two-penny rate. It leaves School Boards to arrange with the Councils the conditions under which the work declared illegal by the Cockerton judgment shall be carried on in future. Liberals are dissatisfied with the Bill. The Government will try to carry it, but educational measures are notoriously troublesome.

Miss Grace Palotta.

Miss Grace Palotta has evidently had "a lovely time" in Melbourne, where she is an old favourite. In a letter just received from the winsome lady who so often bade us at the Gaiety to listen to the band, she says: "'Florodora' is the greatest 'hit' they have had out here for twenty years, and I am truly grateful that I have scored a success as Lady H. People are kinder than ever to me, and I am having a glorious time. The first night I appeared, I had sixteen baskets of flowers and a reception never to be forgotten. My hats have set a fashion here: everybody simply raves about them. One Melbourne firm told me that they had made one hundred copies of my yellow hat. The climate is simply glorious—nothing but sunshine. I am very sorry to leave Melbourne so soon. Ever since I have been here,



"KATHLEEN, MAVOURNEEN."



LATEST MELBOURNE PHOTOGRAPH OF MISS GRACE PALOTTA.

Taken by Falk, Melbourne.

invitations have come in galore—in fact, the days are far too short for me. In a fortnight we leave for Sydney, where we stay three or four months at Her Majesty's Theatre. Mr. Williamson has asked me to prolong my stay here, so I do not expect to return to England until March 1902."

Miss Beatrice Terry.

Although it is hardly two years ago that Miss Beatrice Terry first "walked on" in "Robespierre" at the Lyceum, in order that she might, as her aunt, Miss Ellen Terry, put it, "get some idea of what the stage was like," yet she has in that short time earned the reputation



MISS BEATRICE TERRY,
THE CLEVER CHILD ACTRESS WHO PLAYS GWENDOLINE
TIDMARSH IN "THE MAN FROM BLANKLEY'S."

Photo by Lallie Charles, Titchfield Road, N.W.

"The Man from Blankley's." And the charming and natural manner in which she acts the part of the incorrigible child of eight years has not only won the unstinted praise of theatrical critics, but also the encore, night after night, of the audience.

of being one of the cleverest child actresses who ever aspired to histrionic honours. When one considers, however, that she is a young member of the great Terry family, whose name has been so prominently associated with the stage for so many years, it seems only natural that she should excel in the art of acting, even at such an early age.

It will, no doubt, be remembered that Miss Terry made a decided "hit" in "The Man who Stole the Castle," a curtain-piece by Tom Gallon, which preceded "Shock-headed Peter," at the Garrick Theatre, during the Christmas holidays. At the present time, Miss Terry is playing the part of Gwendoline Tidmarsh, the *enfant terrible* at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, in Mr. Anstey's new play,

A Pretty May Wedding.

On Saturday last (the 11th inst.) St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge, was filled with a fashionable congregation for the wedding of Sir Arthur Mackenzie, Bart., of Coul, Ross-shire, N.B. (whose Baronetcy dates from 1673), and Miss Evelyn Ward, youngest daughter of the late Major-General Sir Edward Ward, K.C.M.G., and Lady Ward, of 16, Cadogan Gardens, S.W., and granddaughter of the late Mr. Robert Campbell, M.P., of New South Wales. The nuptial ceremony was performed by the Rev. Prebendary H. Montague Villiers, Vicar of St. Paul's, assisted by the Rev. W. Hay Wilson, Rector of St. James's, Dingwall, and the church was beautifully decorated with masses of white flowers, ferns, and tall palms. Mr. Guy Ward gave his sister away, and Mr. Maurice O'Connell acted as best man to Sir Arthur. The bride looked most charming in her wedding-robe of pure white satin, made in the Empire style, veiled with tucked chiffon, and having a wide flounce of valuable old Brussels lace (the gift of Lady Mackenzie), a high silver and pearl-embroidered belt, and a lace fichu fastened with sprays of orange-blossom, while from the shoulders fell in graceful folds a long Josephine train of Limerick lace. The bridesmaids—Miss Dorothy Douglas, Miss Cynthia Keating, Miss Irene Gough, Miss Poppy Gough, Miss Dona Dyer, Miss Violet Ussher, and Miss Nadine Noble—wore white satin Empire gowns, veiled with the palest blue chiffon, and arranged with lace fichus and high pale-blue satin sashes, their large straw hats being adorned with wreaths of forget-me-nots and bows of pale-blue ribbon; and they carried baskets of the same simple flower, the handles entwined with stag-horn moss, which is the badge of the Mackenzies, while to each bridesmaid Sir Arthur gave a gold curb-chain bracelet set with turquoise as a memento of the happy occasion. Lady Ward afterwards welcomed the wedding-guests at 16, Cadogan Gardens, where the wedding-presents, over four hundred in number, were displayed and duly admired. Later in the afternoon, amid the hearty congratulations and good wishes of their assembled relations and friends, Sir Arthur and Lady Mackenzie left *en route* for Paris, where the honeymoon is to be spent. The bride travelled in a very smartly cut costume of pale-blue cloth and a *chic* hat to match.

Perhaps because weddings are at a discount, May has long been a favourite engagement month;

and the betrothal of Miss Blanche Grosvenor, Lord and Lady Stalbridge's second daughter, to Captain Holford, of the 7th Hussars, the eldest son and heir of the popular Dorsetshire magnate of Castle Hill, Buckland Newton, was the first to be announced, curiously enough on the bride-elect's twenty-first birthday. It is expected that the marriage will take place very quietly, early in July, at Motcombe House, near Shaftesbury.

Painted Beauties.

The first Academy of the New Century contains an exceptional number of charming portraits, though, perhaps, no one canvas as wholly delightful as Mr. Sargent's group of the three daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Wyndham, dubbed by King Edward "The Three Graces." This year Mr. Sargent is again exceptionally fortunate in his sitters, both Mrs. Cazalet, the Hon. Mrs. Charles Russell, and the two Miss Wertheimers being all possessed of exceptional, albeit curiously differing, beauty and charm. Mr. Sargent has the secret of so managing his draperies and the costumes of his sitters that his portraits do not age and become "old-fashioned" as do those of so many portrait-painters, and, though the two lovely daughters of Mr. Wertheimer sat for the picture now exhibited some three or four years ago, the red velvet gown worn by the one and the white satin which enhances the dusky beauty of the other might both be New Century sartorial models.

A Regal Portrait.

Mr. Frank Dicksee was never better inspired than in his regal painting of the Duchess of Buckingham and Chandos, who in this fine painting, as, indeed, in real life, looks every inch a Duchess. A photogravure of this beautiful portrait was given in last week's Academy Supplement of *The Sketch*.

Painted Heroes.

As is right and proper, military heroes are the fashion in this year's Academy. Though somewhat "skied," Mr. Charles Furse's great equestrian group of Nairne surrounded by his Staff occupies a place of honour. The Duke of Norfolk in khaki appears as a doughty warrior, and it is hard to recognise in the vigorous martial figure that of our peaceful Earl-Marshal. Mr. Claude Maitland, late "C.I.V.," is another warlike portrait; and, appealing to many a visitor to this year's Academy, though the scene is put back a hundred years ago, is Mr. Sheridan Knowles's charming "Home Again" (represented on page 154)—a gallant Marine of Nelson's heroic time walking down a village street gazing into his pretty sweetheart's eyes. Curiously enough, the great military painting of the year, "Lord Dundonald's Dash for Ladysmith," was painted by a woman, Miss Kemp-Welch, who bids fair to become in time a British Rosa Bonheur. Sir John Milbanke, one of the younger "V.C." heroes still fighting his country's battles, is recalled to the memory of his many friends by a charming portrait of his bride, the work of his younger brother, who is represented in this year's Academy by three excellent pieces of work.

A Romantic Family in the Peerage.

The Hon. Sydney Vernon, brother of Lord Lyveden, has become landlord of the Falcon Hotel, an old coaching-house at High Wycombe, and, along with his charming wife, the Hon. Mrs. Vernon, will enter immediately on the occupancy. The family to which he belongs has been to some extent distinguished for its unconventionality. His uncle, who died last year, married, when he was seventy-two, a pretty Hastings shop-girl of eighteen. The first Lord Lyveden, whose creation as a Peer dates from 1859, was a brother of Sydney Smith, the famous Canon of St. Paul's, and assumed for his children in 1846 and for himself in 1859 the surname of Vernon, in lieu of his patronymic.



Photo by Vandyk, Gloucester Road.]

SIR ARTHUR MACKENZIE OF COUL.



[Photo by Barnett, Hyde Park Corner.

MISS EVELYN WARD.

WHO WERE MARRIED ON SATURDAY, MAY 11, AT ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, KNIGHTSBRIDGE.

The King and the Animals.

No one is fonder of animals than His Majesty the King, but he intensely dislikes keeping a number of brutes which are neither useful nor ornamental, nor even companionable. This is why the ugly and unsociable wild boars have been banished from Windsor Great Park, and it is probable that

the herd of Persian goats will also leave the pleasant surroundings of Cranbourne Chase. At the same time, the King is very fond of horses and dogs. His hacks are quite friendly with their master, and his dogs, generally Scottish terriers, are so beloved that they are given privileges not often accorded to human beings. One of the King's dogs is an ardent yachtsman, and when the purple-and-scarlet pennon was flying it was pretty certain that the crew comprised a four-footed member.

Lord Ormonde, who succeeds King Edward as Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron, is a Peer of many-sided activities, but as a yachtsman he has long been supreme. Although only third



MISS JANETTE BURDETT, TOURING WITH "FLORODORA."

Photo by Bissano, Old Bond Street, W.

Marquis, he is twenty-first Earl of his famous line, and twenty-seventh Hereditary Chief Butler of Ireland. At Kilkenny Castle, he and Lady Ormonde, the eldest of the late Duke of Westminster's lovely daughters, have often entertained Royal personages. Lord Ormonde's passion for the sea is shared by his wife and two daughters, the elder of whom, Lady Beatrice Pole-Carew, is quite a nautical expert.



THE MARQUIS OF ORMONDE, WHO SUCCEEDS KING EDWARD AS COMMODORE OF THE ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON.

Photo by Kirk and Sons, Cowes, Isle of Wight.

Lord Salisbury.

I understand on the best authority that the Prime Minister is in very good health, and that the papers are generally quite wrong in ascribing to him a particular malady. Lord Salisbury has been suffering from a disease which is painful but not dangerous, and he has effected a cure during his residence abroad—that is to say, a cure which may always have to be repeated. As to his retirement from the head of affairs, it is in no way likely, although he it remembered that Mr. Gladstone strenuously denied his vacation of office till the indiscretion of a servant gave him away. But Lord Salisbury is of a different temperament, and were he to elect to quit public life, he would say so. But, as I have said, he does not intend to give up the reins of Government at present.

The Viceroy of Ireland.

When Lord Cadogan resigns the Viceregal throne of Ireland, I understand that a great change will be made at Dublin Castle. The King, so I am told, wills that in future a member of the Royal Family shall represent him in the Sister Isle, and it is said that the Duke of Cornwall and York has been selected for the post. But, again, the Duke of Connaught is stated to have been chosen, and, from what I hear, I am inclined to believe that this is correct, the more so as the Duke of Cornwall and York will have other duties to perform. There can be no doubt that the appointment of a non-political Viceroy would be hailed with the greatest delight in Ireland.

Mr. H. Reeves-Smith.

A public favourite when he trod the London boards as a bright young light-comedian with a particular charm of manner, Mr. H. Reeves-Smith

has acquired great popularity in New York as the dashing and gallant hero of Mr. Frohman's successful musical play, "Captain Jinks." His friends at home have good reason to congratulate this blithe and cheery actor upon his good-fortune, and to augur most hopefully for his future from the conspicuous ability he has shown in his newest part.



MR. H. REEVES-SMITH AS CAPTAIN JINKS, AT THE GARRICK THEATRE, NEW YORK.

Photo by Savoy, New York.

The Bishop of Hereford's Bill against betting may be an excellent measure, but one thing is certain, that it will never do away with wagering on horse-racing. I was talking to a large employer of labour the other day, and he told me that the worst decision which he had ever known was that doing away with the "missing word" competition. I asked why, and he told me that, when the "missing word" contests were on, his men interested themselves in the result only once a week, but when racing was on it was once every half-hour, with constant telegrams to and fro. He was even rash enough to state that he wished the Government would re-establish State lotteries. Perhaps Sir Michael Hicks-Beach would consider the question?

"Sir Lord Justice Stirling."

A correspondent relates an incident of a well-known Lord of Appeal travelling on the Continent during the Easter recess, illustrating the enormous difficulty foreigners experience when confronted with an English title. Lord Justice Stirling arrived at a hotel in Aix-la-Chapelle. A brother limb of the law—a regular visitor—was immediately informed by the proprietor that a real live Lord was staying in the house. "Send me the visitors' book," he said. The entry failed to elucidate who Lord J. Stirling was. Then a waiter suggested that the Lord was a Judge. The visitor immediately recognised his man, and endeavoured to explain that the alleged Lord was Sir James Stirling, called Lord Justice Stirling because he is a member of the Appellate Court. In posting the name, however, in spite of careful explanations given to the porter, it appeared as "Sir Lord Justice Stirling."

All lovers of the pianoforte should hear M. Sapellnikoff play Tschaiikowsky's Concerto in B-flat Minor. He performed it at the last Philharmonic Concert, and it was the work which first introduced him to London on April 11, 1889, when he astonished his auditors by his breadth of style and technical skill. M. Sapellnikoff is a truly great pianist.

Strange Cycling-Dress Case.

Life in Paris (says my Correspondent in the Gay City) is represented more by the straws that float on the stream than by the existence of the stream itself. To-day, at the "five o'clock" on the feminine side, and at the absinthic-hour on the masculine, the decision of the proprietors of the world-famous café in the Bois de Boulogne—the Armenonville—who have refused to serve not only ladies, but men, in cycling-costume, is the topic of conversation. This is a laugh for the English against the French if you like. When there was some law-case in England over the refusal of an English publican to serve a lady in "Bloomers," they danced with delight, and cartoons with the word "Prudery" were published. In this case there was no possible suggestion of a scandal, as the husband was a Member of the Académie and his wife one of the best-known ladies in fashionable Paris life. I am glad to see that the Parisian has risen in his legitimate wrath and has protested energetically against such a stupid decision. The excuse of the manager would seem to be that the frequently dusty costumes of cyclists had a jarring effect on the general *coup d'œil* of the *terrasse*, with the flaring dresses of the ladies of more leisurely habits. *Doux pays!*

Was the French language derived from English and Scotch? I ask because anyone familiar with the two languages is struck at every instant with the resemblance of words similarly spelt but differently pronounced. The general impression has, I believe, always been that this was the result of the Norman invasion. In a remarkably interesting study by M. Marsillac, published last week, I find, after a careful perusal, that the author contends, and, to an extent, proves, that the French language is a mixture of English, Scotch (how happy they will be in Glasgow!), and German. On documented authority, he shows that the French word for "épouse" was in 115 A.D. "weiffe," that "chute" was "fall," and that even "à" was "to." The "Origines de la Langue Française" will be keenly appreciated by those on the Northern side of the Tweed and who know the tongue.

La Belle Otero pleaded in person when the jury had to give their verdict over the misfitting dress. I went up to the

Courts to hear her, and (adds my Paris Correspondent) I gathered what the sorrows of a woman must be. Take, for instance, such horrors as these: The dress was delivered two hours late, the waist was a quarter of an inch too wide, two pieces of lace were an inch out of place. There was much more, but even these details had moved the whole Court to tears, and the jury awarded her a verdict, and as she left the Court she gave the *couturière* a maliciously gay jerk of the head. The mania for actors and actresses to plead their own cases is becoming a fashionable novelty in Paris stageland life.

Cycle and Consumption.

I was down at the Parc des Princes for the finish of the great Bordeaux-Paris race, and met Gaston Rivierre, who won it three years in succession. He told me that cycling had cured him of incipient consumption. He entered St. Cyr with the idea of a military career, but, on examination by the doctors, his lungs were declared to be unsound. He took to long-distance cycling, and to this he attributes the tremendous powers of resistance that he owns at the present day. He has a great belief in quinquina.

Princess of the Asturias.

The Princess of the Asturias, now with her husband on a bridal journey to Paris, is the object there of a great deal of sympathetic attention. She is a very charming young woman, of the dark Castilian type, very simple in her travelling-dress of grey cloth, with a black travelling-coat and a black toque, and appears, as she is, almost a child. It is hard to realise that this quiet-looking young girl had the will to stand out firmly against the Cortes and almost the entire machinery of the Spanish Government, who wished to break off her projected marriage with her cousin. She knew exactly what she wanted, and those who have seen the Prince—to-day Prince of the Asturias, having taken her title—are not surprised at her choice. He is handsome enough to turn any girl's head.

Spanish Royalties at Paris.

A large part of the Spanish Royal Family is domiciled at Paris; it is there they have taken refuge from the frequent moral earthquakes which have caused them to leave the Peninsula. The Princess of the Asturias,

then, finds herself in Paris quite at home. Her two grandmothers, Her Imperial and Royal Highness the Countess de Trepano and the ex-Queen Isabella, are both there. The latter has not quitted France for many years. In her magnificent home near the Arc de Triomphe, called "The Palace of Castille," she holds an unofficial Court. The Princess's grandfather, Don François d'Assises, lives just out of Paris, at Epinal on the Seine, on a magnificent farm, where he amuses himself with raising vegetables and flowers. Her aunt, the Princess Eulalie, is also at Paris, and spends there most of the year.



DREAMLAND.—GEORGE H. BOUGHTON, R.A.

'A pleasing land of drowsy head it was,
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye;
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
For ever flashing round a summer sky.'

Exhibited in the Royal Academy, 'No. 335 in Gallery V.'

I never knew Paris to pass one single week without having its laugh. The latest is record-breaking, and seems to have stepped out of the Palais-Royal Theatre. One of the sternest magistrates on the Bench had a lady friend; his wife had a gentleman friend. The salaries of French Judges do not run into big figures, and the idea of his spouse to possess a certain fur cloak was beyond his means. This is Act Number I. His wife's friend suggested a little trick that would bring matters to a pleasant end. He

imagined a lottery, and got the husband to buy a ticket. It goes without saying that this ticket won the fur cloak, which was the principal prize and worth three thousand francs. The husband received it and hid it from his wife, and gave it to his own lady friend. Every one of the barristers in Paris is laughing at the adventure, which has leaked out through the disgust of things as they are by the wife's friend.

Jules Verne.

I am sorry to hear that the health of Jules Verne is very indifferent. A personal friend told me that the brilliant novelist had been keenly affected by the headlong rush of science, which had put into the ordinary realm of actuality dreams that he had never imagined possible to realise.

The Abbé Bruneau.

As I write, the whole conversation in Paris turns on the case of the Abbé Bruneau, and another Dreyfus case seems to loom ahead. The frank way in which the guillotined Abbé admitted that he was in general a bad lot, but denied that he was guilty of the murder, has much impressed the public

THE SOCIAL JESTER



OXFORD BESIEGED—AND SOME WARNINGS FOR YOUNG DEFENDERS.

TO-MORROW, I give notice, is the first day of the annual eight-oared races at the University of Oxford. To Oxford men, as also to the mothers, sisters, aunts, cousins, and brothers of Oxford men, this reminder will call up a vision of gay house-boats, sparkling water, tinkling tea-cups, bare legs, and a mighty host of supposedly elated youths, whilst the ears of these favoured ones will once again be filled with the noise of rattles, the banging of pistols, the ringing of bells, and the hoarse shouts of quasi-enthusiastic partisans.

I will not attempt to describe to you a bumping-race. Most people, I imagine, have seen one for themselves, and those whose curiosity in regard to the matter is as yet unsatisfied have only to turn to the delightful works of our only "Ouida." Here they may read to satiety of the god-like young hero who refused to train for the races; who walked up the towing-path to the starting-point—one wonders that he was not carried by his College dons in a sedan-chair—smoking a large cigar; who leaped recklessly into the boat as the starting-gun was fired; who plunged overboard in the Gut and secured the oar which one of his companions had inadvertently let fall; and who, as a final exhibition of goodwill, climbed into his boat again and fairly lugged—"hoicked," rowing men call it—the whole crew to victory. I shall not, I say, attempt to compete with the astonishing knowledge of detail and overwhelming powers of description that are here displayed by the famous novelist, but will content myself with extolling and belauding the practised ease with which the learned students of this picturesque old University devote themselves during Eights Week to the task of doing nothing whatever in as important a manner as possible.

"Some men," says one of the characters in "The New Woman," "are always at Oxford."

I first heard that neat and only too true remark in the New Theatre at Oxford. The lower parts of the house were filled entirely with undergraduates, and the sally was received with shouts of laughter. The merriment of Mr. Grundy's victims showed, of course, that we didn't in the least understand the serious nature of the criticism. For, had we done so, and had we realised that we, too, were in danger of graduating in a School of Boredom that requires, as an entrance-fee on matriculation, no more than a grain of snobbishness, we should, so far from laughing, have clutched at our benches in horror. But how well one knows him

now—that man who is "always at Oxford"! There is ever the atmosphere of some absurd little Wine Club in his nostrils; one notices constantly the narrow-minded superiority of the paternally blessed in his attitude towards those who do the work of the world: it is impossible to help observing a certain lack of imagination—the result of machine-made lectures and a hopelessly conventional process of tuition—with which he discusses a work of art or approaches a political question of the hour.

Other men, again—and these, thank Heaven! are in the majority—are able to take their Oxford as they took their infant medicines—making a fuss, perhaps, at the time, but content afterwards to munch the lump of sugar provided by a grateful crowd of parents and guardians, and to thank their stars that the mixture did not, after all, leave such a very unpleasant taste in the mouth. These are the men—the less self-important and self-conscious men—who help to make Oxford in Eights Week a little paradise on earth, and tantalise their sisters and cousins with the nonchalance and matter-of-fact way in which they regard their life, their customs, and their privileges.

One of the most charming characteristics about the average Oxford undergraduate is the genuine spirit of freemasonry which inspires his attitude towards his brother in academics. It is during Eights Week more than at any other time that this beautiful side of his nature manifests itself. For during Eights Week he is literally surrounded by sweetly insidious foes who are, for the most part, themselves unconscious of the war that they are waging on their flannelled hosts.

Take, for example, the fond father. As he glances round his son's rooms with a smile of conscious pride, and puts leading questions to his offspring on the subject of his expenditure, he never dreams that he is making a dangerous attack on a terribly weak spot in the undergraduate fortifications. But the defenders of the garrison—represented by the friends of the attacked called up for this very purpose—rally round their leader to a man, and thus succeed, not only in beating off the enemy, but also in spoiling him as he flies.

The corps of Amazons, of course, are more difficult to combat, for their guileless advances are made with such an appearance of trust and confidence in the gallantry of the besieged that the outer ramparts are sometimes tottering to a fall before the signal of alarm has been sounded. They employ, too, a very dangerous gun—a sort of "Long Tom"—known as Intuition, and, when the attentions of this gentleman are directed against such vital points as Hours of Work, Stores of Knowledge Accumulated, Girl Friends, and the like, it needs a wily and able defender to preserve his walls intact.

But, to carry our simile a step further, no one is more delighted than the corps of Amazons to find how gracious their redoubtable foes can be when they choose to meet their besiegers on the mutual ground of pleasure, or even frivolity. What, for example, is more calculated to appeal to the feminine mind than the sight of a great warrior who has condescended to lay aside his armour of Intellect, throw off his helmet of Learning, and indulge in a feast of ices or a carouse of home-made tea?

But, alas! Ungracious though it may seem to speak slightly of such a fair and fascinating band as the corps of Amazons who will to-morrow descend in their bewildering array upon the University of Oxford, I should be shirking my duty as one who has retired from the contest—safely, perhaps, yet covered with scars—if I did not extend a word of warning to the less-experienced youths whose privilege it will be, throughout the next week, to defend the citadel against the advances—I use the word in its strictly military sense—of this frail but formidable regiment. Sentries, beware lest you relax your vigilance! Gentlemen of the Guard, look well to the primings of your conversational pistols! And all of you, officers and men, take heed lest, in that pleasant interchange of courtesies alluded to above, you stumble upon some fair-seeming ambush or fall a victim to an arrow steeped in the fatal poison known as Love! There are dark corners in the gardens of Colleges. Danger lurks in them! The wine that the Amazon brews is sweet; drink not of it too deeply! And now—enough! Let every man to his post!



"OUIDA'S" HERO



THE CORPS OF AMAZONS



ALWAYS AT OXFORD

"WORTH PAYING FOR, AIN'T 'E?"

Chicot



MISS IRENE VANBRUGH, THE CHARMING AND TALENTED ACTRESS WHOSE ENGAGEMENT TO CLEVER MR. DION BOUCICAULT HAS JUST BEEN ANNOUNCED.

One could scarcely imagine a more ideal engagement than that of Miss Irene Vanbrugh—the loving, hysterical, modern Sophie Fulgurney in “The Gay Lord Quex”—to Mr. Dion Boucicault, whose recent study of Crayll, the dipsomaniac, in “Lady Hunkinorth’s Experiment,” at the Criterion Theatre, proved him to be an actor of quite exceptional ability and resource. Mr. Boucicault (a portrait of whom appears on another page of this issue of “The Sketch”) is not unversed in the mysteries of theatrical management. Indeed, he was Miss Vanbrugh’s manager at the Court Theatre before she made her big success with Mr. John Hare at the Globe, and he and she played together very charmingly in Captain Marshall’s comedy, “His Excellency the Governor,” and in “Trelawny of The Wells.” Mr. Boucicault does not propose to alter his partnership—at any rate, for the present—with Mr. Bouchier; but no one will be surprised to hear of Mr. and Mrs. Boucicault starting in management on their own account.

This Photograph is by Burr McIntosh, of New York.

"SHAMROCK II."

TO the ordinary looker-on, yacht-racing presents itself mainly in the light of a pretty spectacle. It was not, however, to taste the joys of "running" before the wind, or of the successful manœuvring in a shortening breeze or a heavy sea, that

SIR THOMAS LIPTON,

in 1899, associated himself so prominently with yachting. He was prompted by the very laudable desire of bringing back to England the cup which the yacht *America* won in English waters so many years since. Though unsuccessful, Sir Thomas was not disheartened, and, meeting with so much appreciation on both sides of the Atlantic on account of his sportsmanlike qualities, he was greatly encouraged to try again. Hence the appearance of the new challenger, *Shamrock II.*, launched from the yard of Messrs. Denny Brothers, Dumbarton, on April 20 last, and christened by the

MARCHIONESS OF DUFFERIN.

An excellent opportunity was then afforded of inspecting the yacht while she was on the ways attached to the pontoons, and a very

enable some criterion to be formed. The general impression was that the new boat, though not in full trim, as was *Shamrock I.*, had the best of the sailing, and when they separated she was in possession of a good lead. Subsequently, this year's challenger was put to the test on all points of sailing, and she seemed to behave throughout admirably. Mr. G. L. Watson, Mr. Ratsey, the sail-maker, and Mr. W. Jamieson were on board throughout the sail, and were apparently well satisfied. In a calm, while proceeding homeward, the yacht caused some alarm by drifting on to the Dean Bank, but, fortunately, no damage was done, though she remained fast for half-an-hour. Somewhat unexpectedly, the yachts were under sail on May 6, but it was understood that Sir Thomas was anxious to find out whether his new boat had escaped quite uninjured from the mishap of May 4. It is believed that *Shamrock II.*

COULD EASILY HAVE SHOWN HER HEELS

to her rival had there been any desire on the part of those sailing her. At one time, *Shamrock I.* certainly sailed the faster, beating her rival by rather more than two minutes in a journey on the wind of about seven miles. In the run back, the new boat did better, but the impression left was less favourable than on May 4, though, if the above statement be true, that the most was not made of *Shamrock II.*, that is sufficient to



"Shamrock II."

"Greyfriar," to compete for the Seawauhaka Cup, held by the Canadians.

SIR THOMAS LIPTON'S "SHAMROCK II." AND MR. L. C. CURRIE'S "GREYFRIAR" IN SOUTHAMPTON WATER.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY STUART.

favourable impression was created. Possessing abnormally long overhangs, *Shamrock II.* may be described as an extreme specimen of the fin-keel type. Her lines are easy and graceful.

ONE OF THE MISTAKES

made in connection with Sir Thomas Lipton's first challenger was taking her to America as an untried vessel, though it is not easy to say what she could have been tried against with any certainty of arriving at a correct estimate of her best qualities. Upon the present occasion matters are vastly different. In addition to her early spins in the Solent, the new *Shamrock* will be opposed to the old in several trial matches, and by this means it will at least be known in what way the yacht

DESIGNED BY MR. G. L. WATSON

is superior, if at all, to the one turned out from the lines drawn by Mr. Fife. To have any prospect of success, the former should apparently be greatly superior, for, according to all accounts, it is tolerably certain that the defending yacht will be an improvement upon the *Columbia*.

SHAMROCK II.'S FIRST DISPLAY IN THE SOLENT,

on May 4, gave satisfaction, for, though it was primarily a case of testing gear and stretching of sails, the two *Shamrocks* were so started as to

ease the minds of well-wishers. One must wait until the trials are carried out with strict observance as to details before passing an opinion on the merits of the challenger, though, according to report, one American expert is prepared to look for work of the first quality from her and to declare her to be

SUPERIOR TO THE "INDEPENDENCE."

The latter is the product of Mr. Crowninshield, and will sail, it is asserted, in the trial races with the *Constitution*, the new Herreshoff cutter, launched from the yards at Bristol, New York, on May 7. The former will have a mainboom 108 feet long, a mainsail of 7900 square feet, a fore triangle of 4750 square feet, and a topsail of 2180 square feet, which, it must be admitted, is an extraordinary sail-plan. The

DIMENSIONS OF THE "CONSTITUTION"

are: Length over all, 132 feet; load water-line, 90 feet; extreme beam, 25.17 feet; draught, 20 feet; length after-end mainboom to forward point of measurement, 187.62 feet; length fore-side mast to forward point of measurement, 75.85 feet; spinnaker pole, 75 feet; sail area, 14,300 square feet. The better of the two yachts named will, it is understood, meet *Shamrock II.* The *Sketch* heartily hopes Sir Thomas Lipton's pluck will be crowned this time with success.



WETTING "SHAMROCK II." IN THE SOLENT.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WEST AND SONS, SOUTHSEA.

MR. JALLAND'S SPORTING PICTURES.

AN admirable opportunity of decorating the smoking-room and billiard-room is presented by the exhibition of Mr. G. H. Jalland's drawings at the Fine Art Society's Gallery, New Bond Street. The artist's overflowing humour is familiar to readers of *Punch*, and he is, no doubt, generally thought of as an exponent of black-and-white; but the present show proves him also to be an able

colourist, and visitors will be quick to recognise that his work gains increased vitality by the addition of naturalistic tints. The scenes are funny without being too extravagant; they crystallise many of the comical episodes of the hunting-field that are not of such infrequent occurrence as might be supposed by those who are so engrossed by the excitement of the moment as to have no eye for the by-play. For instance, there is the "Horrible Predicament" of the "Gent (on mettlesome hireling)" who shouts, "Elp! 'elp! Somebody stop 'im! 'E's going to jump and I can't!" There is



COPY OF MR. JALLAND'S INVITATION-CARD.

laughter in every one of these eighty-three water-colours, and I shall be greatly surprised if they do not all find purchasers, for, besides the piquancy and mirth of their subjects, they are pleasing to the eye as representations of English scenery; they illustrate a variety of familiar human types; and they, moreover, display the artist's extraordinary capacity for bringing out not only the points, but the character of a horse. Mr. Jalland is, in fact, to be congratulated on a more than usually attractive and successful exhibition.

"FAIR WOMEN" AT THE GRAFTON.

AFTER the first astonishment at the quantity of work that Mr. C. Goldsborough Anderson has been able to turn out in half a year has subsided, one is able to pay some attention to the artistic qualities of his show at the Grafton. His claim to the title of "The Lightning Portrait Painter" is one that cannot be disputed, for he will dash you off a sketch-portrait, well finished withal, and all the details of costume prettily suggested, as in the representation of the Dowager Countess De La Warr, in two or three hours. This rapid and spontaneous method of work has its advantages, for it necessitates freshness of handling and decision of touch. It has its disadvantages also, for there are delicate half-tones and subtle gradations that cannot be captured without study. Nevertheless, the artist can depict a pretty face and a graceful pose, and has, moreover, an appreciative regard for the charms of costume, qualities that are sufficient to explain the desire of handsome women to be represented by him. He manifests a strong predilection for white draperies, and it is much to his credit that he gets enough variety into costumes of this kind to make them interesting. I may particularly direct attention to the grace and simplicity of his presentation of Lady Grove, the accomplished wife of Sir Walter Grove; to the vivacious rendering of Mrs. Alfred Harmsworth, and to the fanciful portrait of the Hon. Mrs. Alfred Curzon (the sister-in-law of the Viceroy), who, with irises in her hand, makes a poetical figure, the centre of an agreeable colour-scheme. Viscountess Maitland is prettily depicted in a harmony of green and white. A pleasant group is formed by Mrs. William Fox Pitt and her children. Attention is also engaged by a representation of Mrs. Jerrold Robertshaw, whose striking face has an appropriate but boldly conceived setting, with her dark-green costume relieved by white lace against a yellow background. There are some portraits of men, including those of Cardinal Manning, Lord Loch, and Sir Edward Ward, but the great majority of the sixty-four pictures represent women most of whom are distinguished for their social or intellectual gifts, and such an exhibition cannot fail to charm—and to astonish.

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Whilst cordially thanking the many Contributors who have submitted interesting photographs and notes for his consideration, the Editor would urge upon such contributors the necessity for ensuring ABSOLUTE ACCURACY in the matters of NAMES and DATES, which should be written in pencil on the back of each portrait and view sent to "The Sketch," 198, Strand, London.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

Earl's Court and the Income-Tax—"Because it's an Exhibition"—*"Horizontal" and "Perpendicular" Refreshments*—*Exhibition Literature*—*Earl's Court Drama*—"Sketches" *Too Much Chinese Pidgin*—*Hearts of Oak!*

WITH the Budget we had hesitated for a moment about the Army and Navy—there is a Navy somewhere still, I suppose: I don't remember hearing about it lately—as about a beloved but expensive wife when her milliner's bills come in. But the Earl's Court Exhibition, primarily got up by the expert civilian population to give the Army some idea about itself, has again aggravated that Imperialitis which Dr. Hicks-Beach had momentarily reduced by bleeding, with triumphant success. My most khaki feelings were aroused. I left the grounds resolved to make personal efforts to see that Britons never should be slaves. Paying the income-tax has simply become a pleasure and a sinful luxury.

We find, of course, the usual inevitable Exhibition features—character-reading for any people who may happen to have characters, and fortune-telling for those young enough to entertain the delusion that they will make fortunes. Again, there is no obvious connection between a Military Exposition and the selling of furniture, starch, lawn-mowers, soap, condensed milk, and visiting-cards, any more than with the rendering of "Abide with Me" and "The Maiden's Prayer" by the band. Exhibitions will do these things. They take place simply "because it's an Exhibition."

Here, in the United States—in England, I should say; I keep forgetting that we have not yet become an American province—here we rightly consider the commissariat the crucial point in an Exhibition, and, indeed, in anything. Earl's Court wisely conducts this on a sliding scale "specially suited to all classes," as a provincial newspaper once described itself. There is the evening-dress meal at the Quadrant Dining-rooms or Old Welcome Club, where the patient deposits capital in a lump sum and "draws against it" in the shape of *table d'hôte* refreshments. There are the cold-meat and light-luncheon tables. And, finally, there are the bars where one can stand and indulge in what are called in the American language "perpendicular refreshments." Though inexpensive, these are satisfactorily "distending" in character.

Perhaps the only regrettable item of the whole is the number of programmes. By the time I had accumulated a book of words, an official souvenir of the Exhibition, a programme of the bands, a daily programme, a souvenir of China, and a few other works, I began to feel like a book-collector, and had bought enough literature to make a small library or fill a hand-cart. "Cut the cackle, and come to the 'osses!"

Mr. Imre Kiralfy's military spectacle, "China," may be unhesitatingly pronounced a triumph. No doubt, drill and tactics are of the stage order. The cavalry rides over the infantry, and the front and rear ranks shoot each other, while the gunners mow down their own side with an accuracy worthy of a better cause. But an exhibition public expects this; it would demand its money back if it did not get it. Naturally, a military demonstration representing the Relief of the Legations is polyglot to a degree. The troops march in five or six different languages. The effect of the whole is to prove that "as true a heart beats under the Frenchman's képi as beneath the bushy of the English soldier," as an Irish writer has truly said. The idea is admirable. It "catches" the immense foreign population, and flatters the Englishman's self-respect with the notion that he is cosmopolitan and broad-minded.

The "book" would not suffer from a little cutting-down, though loud calls for "Author!" mingle with the shouts of "Encore!" (the last exclamation possibly having a double meaning) from the audience. There is no chance for subtle interpretation or psychological studies on the Earl's Court stage. The actor's chief equipment is a voice like the explosion of a four-point-seven, for the roof is one of the largest spans in the world. "Going off" is a much more critical operation than usual; from the centre of the stage to the wings is a walk of about a quarter of a mile, and a "cross" from the Prompt to the "O. P." side is a serious afternoon's excursion. The "light relief" is done by an animal—generally a mule.

Chinese visitors have pronounced the spectacle more true to life than China itself; the audience actually talks Pidgin English for some time after coming away. The beauty of the "Boxer" religious rites almost converted me to that faith, just as the recruitograph aroused my enthusiasm so much that I tried to enlist, my application being ignored only on account of my statements being held unsatisfactory without corroborative evidence. That Joss chop-chop so nice me too muchee thinkee me welly wehly Boxer—Stay, I am wandering back to the theatre absent-mindedly. Seriously, the *mise-en-scène* is one of the most remarkable ever seen.

And there is the story that can never be parodied or hackneyed—the grand old story of heroism, self-sacrifice, and bulldog pluck in the face of desperate odds that will send the blood coursing through the veins of Englishmen as long as England is a nation.

HILL ROWAN.

GLASGOW INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION: SOME EXTERIOR VIEWS.

From Photographs by Messrs. Annan, Glasgow.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE EXHIBITION BUILDINGS.



ENTRANCE TO THE EXHIBITION.

VISIT OF T.R.H. THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CORNWALL AND YORK TO SYDNEY:
APROPOS PHOTOGRAPHS.



SYDNEY HARBOUR, FROM NORTH SHORE.



THE BOTANICAL GARDENS, SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES, SHOWING GOVERNMENT HOUSE IN THE BACKGROUND.

VISIT OF T.R.H. THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CORNWALL AND YORK TO SYDNEY:
AN APROPOS PHOTOGRAPH.



SYDNEY HEADS, NEW SOUTH WALES, WHICH H.M.S. "OPHIR" PASSES ON ENTERING AND LEAVING PORT JACKSON.

OPENING OF THE ROYAL OPERA SEASON AT COVENT GARDEN.

I DO not remember a more varied or attractive programme for the opening of the Opera Season than that put forth this year at Covent Garden, started on the 13th inst. with Gounod's "Roméo et Juliette." In this grand opera, Madame Eames and M. Saléza represent the lovers—originally played by Madame Patti and Mario; the cast is generally capital, and Signor Mancinelli's orchestral-direction



SIGNOR MANCINELLI, ONE OF THE PRINCIPAL CONDUCTORS.

Photo by Davis and Sanford, New York.

admirable. The second night was devoted to "Hänsel und Gretel," followed by "Cavalleria Rusticana." Wednesday brings "Tannhäuser," with Frau Galski as Elizabeth, M. Van Dyck as the amorous hero, and Herr Van Rooy as the Landgrave. Verdi's "Rigoletto," by many considered his finest opera, will on Thursday be a worthy tribute to the memory of the famous Italian composer, and will reintroduce Madame Suzanne Adams to opera-lovers. On Friday, in the ever-popular "Faust" of Gounod, sweet-voiced Madame Eames reappears as Marguerite, M. Saléza as Faust, and M. Plançon, the finest Mephistopheles of our time. This brilliant inaugural week winds up on Saturday next with Wagner's most dramatic opera, "Tristan und Isolde," in which

the new soprano, Madame Frankel Claus, is to appear as the love-sick heroine, with Van Dyck as Tristan, the conductor being Herr Lohse, a very efficient Wagnerite. Amidst these celebrated foreign works I rejoice to see

DR. VILLIERS STANFORD'S "MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING"

announced for the 24th inst. From what I have seen of the score, published by Messrs. Boosey and Co., I anticipate that there will be "much ado" about something important to English composers in the future, owing to this production. Happily, in this instance I can speak well of the librettist, Mr. Julian Sturgis, who has had a difficult task, but has accomplished it with success, following Shakspeare as closely as possible, the slight variations being quite justifiable in meeting the requirements of the composer. The opera commences with a few bars from an invisible orchestra on the stage, followed by a chorus for male voices, "Sigh No More, Ladies," before the curtain rises on

THE MASQUE IN LEONATO'S HOUSE.

"Sigh No More, Ladies," is also employed as the finish, concluding the Act with artistic effect. A Saraband and Morris Dance of a very animated character are introduced in the revels in which Hero represents the Queen of Summer. The second Act takes place in Leonato's garden, and opens with a serenade by Claudio to Hero, a love-duet naturally following. The scene between

BEATRICE AND BENEDICK

is managed with much vivacity, the Act closing with Claudio witnessing Borachio entering Margaret's room, she being mistaken for Hero. The third Act follows the comedy closely, the church scene, with the accusation of Hero by Claudio, being the chief features. The music here is important, the organ, church-bells, and a solemn hymn, "Mater dulces Carmen," being introduced, the latter sung by the Franciscan Friars. One of the finest items in the opera is the duet between Beatrice and Benedick sung in this Act. The scene of the fourth Act is "An Open Place in Messina." Borachio is captured and cross-questioned by Dogberry. Benedick challenges Claudio, the encounter being interrupted by Don Pedro. Borachio confesses his share in the plot against Hero, and all ends happily.

THE CAST

will be as follows: Beatrice, Miss Marie Brema; Hero, Madame Suzanne Adams; Don Pedro, Mr. Ivor Foster; Leonato, Mr. Griswold; Don John, Mr. Dutton; the Friar, M. Plançon; Borachio, Mr. Hyde; Dogberry, Herr Blass; Seacole, Mr. Temple; Verger, Mr. Clarence; Benedick, Mr. David Bispham; Claudio, Mr. John Coates. Not only are English singers found in the principal parts, but the chorus is made up from students of the Royal College of Music, who are naturally proud of and attached to Dr. Villiers Stanford.

Many of my readers will be surprised to hear that "Much Ado About

Nothing" is the fifth opera Dr. Stanford has written. "The Veiled Prophet" was produced at Hanover in 1881, "Savonarola" at Hamburg in 1884, "The Canterbury Pilgrims" in the same year at Drury Lane, performed by the Carl Rosa Company. The Irish opera, "Shamus O'Brien," was given at the Opéra-Comique in 1895, under the management of the late Sir Augustus Harris.

I hear that the directors are jubilant as to the

PROSPECTS OF THE SEASON.

The vast improvements made on the stage and Mr. Sachs' electric-lights will result in picturesque effects hitherto unknown at Covent Garden; while the officials responsible for the management of affairs are gentlemen of the greatest ability.

M. MESSEGER,

a composer and musician of the utmost experience, skill, and taste, has absolute control behind the scenes, and selects the various operas wisely and well, taking care that their performance is adequate.

MR. NEIL FORSYTH

is universally accepted as the right man in the right place, owing to his zeal, experience, ability, devotion to duty, and personal popularity.

SIGNOR MANCINELLI

takes the lead among the conductors, and a more competent director of operatic works does not exist. The leading vocalists are the finest in Europe, Covent Garden being always regarded by the best singers as the goal of their highest ambition.

THEIR MAJESTIES AS MUSIC-LOVERS.

It is possible that the musical public will often have the pleasure this season of seeing Their Majesties occupying the Royal Box, in old days so often graced by Queen Victoria and by the Prince Consort, who were both passionately fond of music. Queen Alexandra has been called the best amateur in Europe. Her Majesty can read and play any music at sight, however difficult, and she possesses the even rarer gift of being able to discern new musical genius. Many modern singers, pianists, and violinists owed the then Princess of Wales that early help and encouragement so all-important in an artistic career.



M. A. MESSEGER, NEW MANAGER IN PLACE OF M. MAURICE GRAU.

Photo by Nadar, Paris.

ARISTOCRATIC PATRONS OF THE OPERA.

All those great ladies who are votaries of "Music, heavenly maid," will be found in their accustomed places, headed by Lord Ripon's beautiful daughter-in-law, Lady de Grey, who takes, as all the world knows, a very practical as well as a theoretical interest in all operatic matters, as do Lady Lemba Warner, Mrs. George Cornwallis-West, and Mrs. Craigie. The Duchess of Beaufort, who is as good a musician as she is a sportswoman, and who is portrayed in one of *The Sketch* "Small Talk" pages, will form one of a group of Duchesses, including her Grace of Portland, and Lily, Duchess of Marlborough, who, although in the deepest mourning, will be sometimes seen enjoying her favourite form of relaxation. The Royal Opera owes not a little also to certain Anglo-American great ladies, including Mrs. Adair and Mrs. Arthur Paget, who both have boxes; and a notable addition to Anglo-American box-holders this year is Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan.

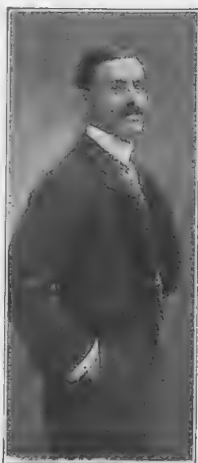
NEW LORDLY SUBSCRIBERS.

The Opera has quite a long list of new subscribers, including Lord Rosebery, Lord Derby, and Lord Gosford. The omnibus-boxes will, however, have nearly all their usual occupants, including Lord Farquhar and Lord Ilchester. A former subscriber to the latter, namely, Lord Harewood, is now to have a box to himself.

It is a pleasure to know that the Royal Opera Syndicate, headed by Earl de Grey and Mr. Higgins, will encourage native productions, and place them on a level with the most important Continental works. I take leave of the subject at present with hearty good wishes for the prosperity of the Royal Opera.

NOTE.

The Sketch is on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.



MR. NEIL FORSYTH, MANAGING DIRECTOR.

Photo by Langflet.

FAMOUS SINGERS ENGAGED FOR THE ROYAL OPERA SEASON.



MADAME CALVÉ IN PRIVATE DRESS.
Photo by Reutlinger, Paris.



FRÄULEIN TERNINA AS ISOLDE.
Photo by the Hof-Atelier Eclair, Munich.



M. ALBERT SALÉZA AS DON JOSÉ IN CARMEN.
CAST TO APPEAR AS ROMEO ON MONDAY LAST AND FAUST ON FRIDAY NEXT.
Photo by Dupont, New York.



M. ERNEST VAN DYCK AS TRISTAN.
CAST TO APPEAR AS TANNHÄUSER TO-NIGHT AND AS TRISTAN ON SATURDAY.
Photo by Dupont, New York.

OPENING OF THE ROYAL OPERA SEASON AT COVENT GARDEN.



MADAME SUZANNE ADAMS AS MARGUERITE IN "FAUST."

THE CELEBRATED PRIMA DONNA IS TO APPEAR AT COVENT GARDEN IN "RIGOLETTO" TO-MORROW EVENING.

OPENING OF THE ROYAL OPERA SEASON AT COVENT GARDEN



MADAME EMMA EAMES, THE ACCOMPLISHED AMERICAN PRIMA DONNA,
CAST FOR JULIET ON MONDAY LAST AND MARGUERITE ON FRIDAY NEXT AT COVENT GARDEN.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.



THE NIMBLE GALLIARD.—JOHN SEYMOUR LUCAS, R.A.

EXHIBITED IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY. (NO. 33 IN GALLERY I.)

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE American *Bookman*, which, by the way, received at the Paris Exposition one of the gold medals given to magazines, announces as the best selling books at present "Alice of Old Vincennes," "Eben Holden," "Richard Yea-and-Nay," "The Visits of Elizabeth," "Quincey Adam Sawyer," and "In the name of a Woman." Nothing is more remarkable than the difference of taste between this country and America. Of the American books which have recently attained such unprecedented sales, not one has taken a real hold of the people of this country, and only one or two can be ranked as literature. On the other hand, Americans still buy our books freely, although their selections are not quite our selections. Mr. Hewlett, I imagine, is far more popular in America than here; and this is true of many others, such as Mr. Henry Harland, whose clever story, "The Cardinal's Snuff-Box," has sold immensely in the United States. Mr. Marriott's book, "The Column," has also met with a warm welcome in America.

quote it: "Her eyes had a quick, responsive flash when anything moved her, and she was so full of eager human sympathy that a more intimate knowledge but deepened the impression that she herself was greater than anything that she had done, and that she had missed by just too much or too little, among the influences that shaped her life, the chance of writing her name among the immortals."

The announcement that Mr. John Murray has decided, owing to the increase of his business, to part with his famous Guide-books to Mr. Stanford has occasioned no little surprise and regret. It must be remembered that the proper circulation of such books is a special department of the publishing business, almost as special as the educational department. It cannot be carried on effectively in the ordinary method. Mr. Murray is becoming more and more a large general publisher, and it is natural he should prefer to develop his work in that direction. The Guide-books have been of the highest order, and, even as reading, they are most interesting and valuable. It is worth noting that they command excellent prices even in old editions sold



22ND JANUARY, 1901.—STANHOPE A. FORBES, A.R.A.

This pathetic picture (No. 320 in Gallery V.) of a cottager reading the grievous news of the Queen's death to his household is one of the most impressive subjects in the Academy.

Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie, who is almost the only popular essayist in America, has written a short novel of character entitled "John Foster." Mr. Mabie's recent book on Shakspere has been favourably received in this country.

The Whitefriars' Ladies' dinner was a great success, the attraction of the evening being Miss Marie Corelli, who responded to the toast of "Sovran Woman," proposed by Ian Maclaren. Ian Maclaren did not do justice to himself or his subject, and Miss Corelli's speech was not remarkable in itself, but it was delivered with admirable ease, clearness, and finish. There was the inevitable allusion to the writer's long quarrel with the critics, but it was no more than an allusion, and all passed off well. It ought to be said that the beautiful banquetting-room in the Hôtel Cecil is by no means favourable to oratorical effect. Amongst the most distinguished members of the company were Mr. Winston S. Churchill, the Chairman, who, with his mother, Mrs. George Cornwallis-West, received the guests; Mrs. H. B. Irving, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Spender, Mr. Anthony Hope, and last, not least, the Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress.

An interesting American appreciation of the late Miss Charlotte Yonge contains a sentence so true and so well phrased that I must

second-hand. The old editions have, indeed, a special value of their own. The series on the English Counties is quite unsurpassed, and, one may venture to say, will remain beyond the reach of rivalry. Mr. Stanford's well-known enterprise makes it certain that no pains will be spared in keeping the books up-to-date and in putting them before the eyes of travellers.

I am glad to hear that we shall likely have in due time a Life of the late Mr. Alexander Macmillan, the great publisher. The Life of Daniel Macmillan, by Tom Hughes, was an interesting and touching book, but Daniel Macmillan died in the early days of the house. It was in Alexander Macmillan's time that the firm attained its great position, and there is a story to be told that is very well worth telling.

The controversy as to the authorship of "An Englishwoman's Love Letters" is maintained with some spirit, although with increasing difficulty. It was stated lately that a work by Mr. Laurence Housman was offered for sale as by the author of "An Englishwoman's Love Letters." In a letter to his literary agent, Mr. Housman explains that this was done under a misapprehension, and asks Mr. Pinker to apologise "to his friend round the corner." The latest theory is that Mr. Laurence Housman and his sister co-operated in writing the book. o. o.

MISS ALICE NIELSEN, "THE FORTUNE-TELLER."

BY A LADY ADMIRER.

MISS ALICE NIELSEN, head of the leading light-opera company of America, and the sprightly "Fortune-Teller" of the Shaftesbury just now, can look back upon a pathway bristling with enough thorns to satisfy the greediest taste for romantic vicissitudes. This dainty and accomplished lady did not achieve success without enduring the shadow of adversity. Her father, a Danish painter, died from the effects of a wound received at the Battle of Antietam in the Civil War, leaving the widowed mother penniless and with several children. Ragged and barefooted, Alice Nielsen at the early age of seven evinced a talent for singing, but the hard-working mother failed to recognise it. The family's poverty forbade all thought of study, which was, perhaps, a blessing in disguise. The natural beauty of her voice was not ruined by reckless teachers. The elder sister, Mary, who was supposed to be the vocalist of the Nielsen home, occupied at one time a position as soprano soloist.

IN THE CHURCH CHOIR,

the small fee therefrom being the main support of the family. She fell ill one Sunday, and Alice, in order to preserve the salary, volunteered as

fifteen pounds per week was offered, and hastily accepted; and it is worth mentioning that her first week's salary was devoted to paying the fares back to Kansas City of her stranded colleagues.

From this moment the horizon of the young prima donna cleared rapidly. She was engaged by the

TIVOLI OPERA COMPANY OF SAN FRANCISCO

from 1892 till 1896, when H. C. Barnabee, known in America as "Alice Nielsen's stage father," heard her sing, and, being greatly struck with her ability, a flattering offer was made, and Miss Nielsen joined the famous Bostonians. With this company, about three years ago, she made her first appearance

IN NEW YORK, AS PRIMA DONNA IN "THE SERENADE."

Her success was electrical, and Frank Perley, then Manager of the Bostonians, surveyed the operatic field, from which nearly every American prima donna had disappeared. "Now is the moment," he thought, "for a conquering heroine to enter the lists," and it seemed fitting that Alice Nielsen should come, sing, and conquer. Time has proved Mr. Perley a true prophet. The two years that preceded Miss Nielsen's arrival in London were more brilliantly successful than she, in her fondest dreams, had anticipated. The present Management says of her: "Miss Nielsen is



"YOUNG APRIL: 'THOU DARLING OF THE APRIL RAIN.'"

One of the charming pictures Mr. George H. Boughton, R.A., contributes to the Academy. (No. 290 in Gallery IV.)

substitute. The result was instant recognition of her exceedingly beautiful voice, and an engagement to permanently replace the sister, whose services were dispensed with. But Church choirs did not give sufficient scope for the dramatic fervour of Alice Nielsen, and she joined a concert-party, which soon came to grief, stranded in Missouri. The succeeding period of hardship told sadly on the delicate physique of the girl, although

SHE LAUGHS NOW

as she tells of an advance notice of this concert-party, of which she, for some unknown reason, had been styled "The Swedish Nightingale." The notice read, "The Swedish Nightingale and party are coming to give a concert. All who attend will be sorry." However, Miss Nielsen's superiority was always conceded, and only her loyalty in refusing to desert the party prevented her obtaining a satisfactory engagement at any moment. But tramping eight miles through the snow (snow falling all the way), dressing in halls where a sheet nailed up temporarily by the artists formed the only dressing-room, was not a happy mode of life for this frail young girl, and she soon consented to join the

STANLEY-BURTON OPERA COMPANY,

a small travelling organisation, the manager of which had heard of Miss Nielsen as "The Swedish Nightingale." The tempting salary of

the fortunate victim of peculiarly favourable circumstances. She possesses the four qualities absolutely essential to success—

GOOD VOICE AND TEMPERAMENT, YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE AND PERSONAL MAGNETISM.

Many artists possess two or three of these qualities, but without all four they are defective and their success will be qualified." The great success of "The Fortune-Teller" is

HER SOLO, "CUPID AND I,"

introduced from an opera by the same authors. I may whisper, in conclusion, that the representatives of a supremely powerful Syndicate have recently been charmed by her voice and versatility in "The Fortune-Teller," but may not tell you yet what may be the result.—L. G.

Mrs. Voynich's story, "Jack Raymond," published by Mr. Heinemann, touches on themes that the ordinary novelist is well advised in leaving alone, but it is a book of high qualities. It shows great literary ability. Few are tried as Jack Raymond is tried, but he is unvanquished when we leave him, though his wounds are deep. Mrs. Voynich inherits much of the talent of her mother, with something of that mother's waywardness. She is attracted by forbidden things, though she handles them with a certain fearless innocence.

MISS ALICE NIELSEN, "THE SWEDISH NIGHTINGALE,"
NOW APPEARING IN "THE FORTUNE-TELLER," A COMIC OPERA, AT THE SHAFTESBURY.



[Photo by Baker's Art Gallery, Columbus, Ohio]



PHOTOGRAPHS ILLUSTRATING HER CHAMELEON VERSATILITY.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

"WANTED: FOR DESERTION."

BY CLO. GRAVES.

[All Rights Reserved.]



HERE was a blotch of light from the open hall-door of No. 000, Chesterton Gardens, and in the electric radiance the faces of a little crowd gathered upon the pavement looked unwholesomely pale. Carriage after carriage drove up and was emptied. One stout policeman kept muddy feet from trespassing on the red carpet sacred to immaculate shoes; another interposed his massive body as a buffer between brougham-windows and plebeian curiosity.

"Now then, please; pass along!" said

C 69, with mild gruffness, as another carriage drew up opposite the red baize and the shining hall.

A half-starved and very ragged girl of eight, who clutched in one cold, dirty, little hand a battered bunch of violets, poked a tousled head of curly red hair under his large blue elbow, and stood upon his heavy boot in her eagerness to raise her eyes another inch.

"Don't 'it me, copper," said a shrill, childish voice, as the policeman looked down in elephantine astonishment at the small creature; "I on'y wants to see the swells!"

"Lu, Lu! What are you doing of?" wailed a flat-chested, wan-faced woman, helplessly jammed in between a large, loutish telegraph-boy and a stout man in a striped apron. "Don't be angry with 'er, policeman; she's——"

A fit of coughing stopped the wan-faced woman from further utterance. The policeman made a horizontal barrier of one arm as a smart groom got down from the carriage-box and opened the brougham-door. Two ladies descended—an elderly woman in a feather wrap with a hood of lace half hiding the diamond ornaments in her piled-up grey hair; the other young and possessed of that undeniable and assertive Transatlantic loveliness which wins on the instant the suffrages of the beauty-loving proletariat.

"Ooray!" cried the man in the blue-striped apron, captivated by the wild-rose face, the great dark eyes, and the wonderful red-gold hair.

"Ooray!" echoed Lu.

"I know 'er name," said the telegraph-boy to the blue-aproned man. "I took a cable-message to 'er house once. She's Miss Van Alden, from America, and 'er guv'nor's a millionaire."

"Him wot they assessed for taxation at eight 'undred thousand jimmies?" said the blue-aproned man. He drew a long breath and shook his head as Mrs. and Miss Van Alden passed up the baize-covered steps into the house. "I could do a treat with one per cent. of that," he said mournfully, "and leave 'im enough to marry 'is gal to a Dook. Stop, though!" The blue-aproned man suddenly remembered a paragraph he had seen in the *Echo* that very evening. "'Er engagement's announced. She's goin' to be took to church by Archfield Bolderson—'im wot's Liberal M.P. for Lower Brompton. An' I wish 'em luck. Bolderson's a chap what sticks up for the workin' classes and their rights. 'One law for the rich man and the poor man,' says Bolderson. Bolderson's a bit of a dandy to look at—I've seen him—but fair grit inside. Bolderson—I believe this is Bolderson now!"

A pill-box brougham had pulled up by the kerb, and a slim young man, pleasant-faced and well-bred-looking, had jumped out and waited while his companion emerged more slowly. As he did so, revealing himself to be a handsome, heavily framed man of over six feet in height, there was a hum from the crowd—considerable by this time—and the name of Bolderson jumped from lip to lip. Bolderson raised his crush-hat in acknowledgment of the plaudits; his unbuttoned overcoat displayed his dazzling shirt-front. He smiled and bowed.

"Ooray for Bolderson, the poor man's up'older!" cried the blue-aproned enthusiast. A woman's voice, shrill and piping, screamed out a name. The popular Member of Parliament started and frowned, and at that moment a muddy bunch of violets, flung by an unseen hand, struck him smartly in the middle of his immaculate, gleaming shirt-front, and fell, leaving a stain upon the snow. Bolderson swore, and the crowd roared with amusement.

"What's to be done?" queried the slight young gentleman, who was secretary to the popular M.P.

"I'll drive back to the Club and change." Bolderson got back into the brougham. "Don't charge that brute who threw the cabbage," he whispered, as the servant shut him in and got back upon the box. "See you later, Renville. Tell Miss Van Alden the reason of the delay."

The brougham was driven away. Frank Renville, attracted by a whimpering behind him, turned and saw a small, ragged girl held captive by the huge hand within the woollen glove of a colossal policeman.

"You're not old enough to charge," said the constable, as Lu kicked his legs with her bare feet. "But you ought to be reprimanded, if you ain't sent to a Industrial School. Dirtying gentlemen's shirt-bosoms with bunches o' muddy water-cress picked out o' the gutter!"

"I paid a 'apenny for 'em, and they was real vilets!" screamed Lu. "And I bought 'em for my daddy!"

"Then why didn't you keep 'em for your daddy?" demanded the large policeman.

"Oh, what has she done?" cried the thin woman, pushing her way between the listeners. "Oh, please, don't be angry with her! She's all I have, and she meant it kindly. She ain't seen 'im for so long, and——"

"Let her go, constable," said Renville—seeming to the frightened woman and the frightened child a glorious and a powerful deliverer. He slipped his thumb and finger into his waistcoat-pocket, tipped C 69 a shilling, and put a shining half-crown into Lu's dirty little fist. Her eyes and teeth flashed at him in gratitude. "Take that," he said, "and don't pelt people again, or you'll get into trouble."

He was outside the crowd now, standing with the woman and the child upon the pavement. The flat-chested, miserable woman thanked him, for Lu was biting her half-crown to make sure of its genuine quality. In an access of desultory interest, he asked her where she lived.

"St. Peter's Alley, Mile End," she told him.

"A long way from there to the West," said Renville.

"We on'y comes once in a way of a Saturday night, when it's fine an' dry for walkin'," said the woman. "It's Lu's treat—after makin' match-boxes all the week wi' me. She'll work her fingers to the bone an' never complain if she's promised her treat at the week-end."

"What is the treat?" asked Renville.

"Seein' daddy!" said Lu's shrill voice.

"Sh!" said the woman sharply.

A bland-looking, plainly dressed man came towards the group, and, seeing Renville, touched his hat.

"Ah, Inspector, how are you?" said the Secretary. "On duty to-night?"

"Always on duty, sir, of one kind or another," returned the Inspector.

"Looking after some poor sinner?" said Renville lightly.

"Not a poor one," answered the Inspector, "this time."

"A rich one?" said Renville. "What has the beggar done?"

"Been a little neglectful of his responsibilities, sir," said the detective; "and the authorities of a certain parish in the East-End are looking out for him."

"I hope they may find him," said Renville languidly. "Good-night!"

"Ain't 'e proper?" gasped Lu, finding her tongue as the tall young gentleman went up the red-carpeted door-steps and entered the brilliantly lighted house. "Ain't 'e a real toff?"

"Come 'ome!" said her mother, dragging at her, "an' see if I bring you out agin! Disgracin' 'im before all them people!"

"I on'y frowned the vilets at 'im like they does at the theay-ter," sobbed Lu. "I fought as 'e'd be pleased an' larf at me."

"'E larfs at both of us," snapped her mother; "but 'e does it in 'is sleeve. Oh, 'e's a sly one!"

She started, for the bland-faced, plainly dressed man was at her elbow.

"Don't be frightened, Ma'am," he said comfortably; "you've seen me before!"

"I sor you in the Board Room at St. Peter's Work'us," said the woman sullenly, "when they 'ad me up afore the gentlemen to find out where my 'usband was. They didn't find out *then*, 'cos I didn't know——"

"And they will find out now," said the bland-faced man, "because you know and I know."

"Oh, Lord!" said the flat-chested woman, and seemed to collapse in her poor clothes. She had fainted. The detective called a four-wheeler, lifted the worn body from the pavement and got into the vehicle.

Lu jumped in after, showing her teeth, and ready to bite if the strange man tried to thrust her out again. But he did not.

"Where do you live, little 'un?" he asked.

"St. Peter's Alley, Mile End," said Lu.

And the detective gave the cabman the address as Archfield Bolderson, resplendent in clean linen, made his bow to the lady at the top of the staircase at No. 000, Chesterton Gardens. Then he passed into the warm, perfumed, brilliantly lighted rooms, looking amongst the crowd of well-bred, well-dressed people that filled them for Hetty Van Alden. His handsome, well-fed face was overcast with a frown when at last he spied her sitting in an alcove under a palm-tree with Frank Renville. A Bishop buttonholed him and plunged into a political discussion, the pretty wife of a Cabinet Minister beckoned the "coming man" with her fan. And therefore the conversation under the palm-tree went on a little longer.

"My poor boy!" said Miss Van Alden, with a pretty assumption of being ever so much older and wiser than Frank; "I know it's real hard on you, as you say; and I'm not going to deny that I feel it a little rough myself, because we've seen a good deal of each other since I came to Europe, and—at one time——"

"At one time, you meant to say you'd have me when I asked you?" said poor Frank. "Oh, Hetty, you know it's true!"

"It's true. And then came that corner in American foodstuffs and Poppa made his pile—and became a Power——"

"And you bow down before his dollars—with the rest of the world?"

Hetty Van Alden bit her red lip.

"He won't settle a red cent on me unless I marry to please him, and . . . it sounds mean, but I've been poor once, and—I guess I couldn't ever be poor again. It's so paltry! And you wouldn't care long about



TOM
BROWNE

THE BREWER &
THE PUBLIC.
1900.



"EVEN
THEN
THAT
SUNSHINE
BREWED
A SHOWER
FOR
HIM."

—3 Henry VI., ii., 2.

THE PUBLIC &
THE BREWER
1901



"HOW
LIKE A
FAWNING
PUBLICAN
HE
LOOKS!"

— Merchant of Venice, i., 3.

TOM
BROWNE



a wife in a soiled waist, who complained about the hired help and asked you to walk round and fix the heating-registers when you wanted to—"

"To make love to her. Ah, Hetty!"

"Don't look at me like that," said she, her eyes filling. "Poppa won't hear of you, because you're an Earl's nephew. He guesses aristocratic blood don't count for much, and he doesn't want any of it running about in his family. I'm to marry a commoner—a brainy man of the people, a born leader, with a big voice to shout with and big fists to hit with, who only wants a big fortune to help him to knock corners off Creation."

"Give him the fortune, only give me Hetty!"

"Ah! Romance again. You can't help it. The Age of Chivalry is in your blood. You were born to wear a shirt-of-mail and a surcoat with a badge, and long spurs, and ride through forests on a war-horse, looking for ladies in distress who were anxious to be fought about. Now, look at him!" She pointed with her fan to Bolderson, who was being made much of by the Cabinet Minister's wife. "Don't you see?"

"I see a howling cad. I'm sorry I said it, because I do his writing and am paid for it, and you're going to marry him—or you'll say you will when he asks you. If you're the girl I take you for, you'll back out when you've tried on your wedding-gown."

"What! When Worth will have made it? Frank, how little you know of women! The wedding-dress and the wedding-presents are the nails that keep the whole framework of an engagement from collapsing nine times out of ten. Here is Mr. Bolderson."

Frank had to give place, with the fanged envy gnawing at his soul. He saw the sparkle of Hetty's eyes and the gleam of Hetty's teeth as she greeted Archfield Bolderson. And he knew that many women would be flattered by the attentions of the "coming man." When years had added to his bulk and thickened his large, straight, florid features, he would be coarse. Now, at thirty, he was at his best. "A magnificent personality!" the Bishop said, looking at the Liberal gladiator from his vantage of the hearth-rug. "Thews, sinews, and brains."

"The People adore him!" said another admirer.

"He has their good at heart," said the Bishop. "That Bill of his for facilitating the dissolution of early and improvident marriages, if he carries it through, will be hailed as a boon by the working classes. Though I am against it myself. Whom Heaven hath joined—"

"They are talking about you," said Hetty Van Alden, looking up at Archfield Bolderson as poor Frank retreated. "Aren't you proud?"

"There is only one thing in the world could make me so," said Bolderson, looking into the beautiful, arch eyes.

"To be Prime Minister?"

"To be your husband," said Bolderson.

"Poppa said," Hetty remarked, "that, if you touched on that subject, I was to refer you to him."

"Where shall I find him?" said Bolderson, rising.

"At the other end of the Transatlantic Cable," said Hetty, "on the nineteenth floor of the Van Alden Canal Company's Building, Broadway, N'York. And give him my love."

"Have I yours?" asked Bolderson.

The direct question made her gasp, but she faced him coolly. "No, I guess not," she said; "but I never pretended. You're Poppa's choice, not mine. And you're real honest, and you're a man to make your way and climb. And I guess I'm the woman to help a man like that—even if he didn't have my love."

"You are, by Heaven!" said Bolderson.

"Everybody says you're real white," Hetty went on, turning a great emerald about her finger. "They say you never lied to a man or played it low down on a woman. By the way, I've never asked you. Have you ever been married before?"

Bolderson's florid face grew very pale. "Married!" he repeated hoarsely. "Why should you ask that?"

"I was reading one of your speeches in support of your Bill," said Miss Van Alden, "which, if it gets through, is to make it possible for poor young people who have made stupid marriages to dissolve them. And you were so dead in earnest—and everybody knows you once were poor yourself. . . ."

"I am not rich now," said Bolderson. His eyes wandered and his hand clenched and unclenched itself irresolutely upon the back of his chair. "And I have—never been married. But I had a friend—a dear friend—in those old days who . . . Shall I tell you about him?"

Miss Van Alden nodded. Bolderson plunged into his story.

"He was in the dyeing trade—a workman engaged in the machine-room of an East-End factory. He was only twenty-three, and he had capabilities. He knew it was in him to succeed. 'But'—his voice grew hoarse—"he had been married at sixteen to a child of fifteen, a potter in a pickle manufactory, and there were two children and a wife at home in their one room. And one day a door opened before him—he drew a long, shuddering breath—and showed him Freedom. There was in the machine-room another young fellow, his own age, but unmarried, without encumbrances, and as like him as his twin-brother. One day, when those two were alone together, the—other man was killed. One of the machines did it. No one would have recognised him . . . it was terrible. So the—the other man went out through the open door of death into the free life beyond."

"I know how he did it," said Miss Van Alden. "He emptied his pockets and the other man's and changed the contents—perhaps he even took some of the other man's clothes—and he let that dead body be taken home to the wife who potted pickles, instead of his own."

Bolderson was looking at her with a kind of terror.

"He did. And from that moment he was free and prosperous. Was it not worth while?"

"It was a very good thing for him, no doubt," said Miss Van Alden drily; "but it was a better thing for the wife who potted pickles."

"I—I am afraid it was not a good thing for her," said Bolderson. "How—how could it be?"

"She got rid of the biggest kind of a skunk," said the musical voice of Hetty Van-Alden, "that ever called himself a man. Therefore, I congratulate that poor woman, even if she and her babies had to starve."

"You are nothing if not original," said Bolderson, in a tone that rang like cracked metal. He cursed himself for telling the story, and set himself diligently to the task of being agreeable. And next day he cabled to Mr. Van Alden, and the reply came back—

You : are : the : kind : of : man : I : want : Marry : her : right : away : Van : Alden.

And poor Frank Réville had to accept the office of best man. And Worth made the wedding-dress and Redfern the going-away gown, and Bolderson gave diamond bangles to the ten bridesmaids. And St. George's, Hanover Square, was a mass of lilies and azaleas, and the Bishop was to have married the happy pair.

But the Bishop never got through the ceremony. The church was crowded with fashionable people, but through the barrier of silks and satins, laces and chiffons, a bland-looking detective in plain clothes pushed a way for himself and a drab-haired, flat-chested, little woman in poor, faded clothes, and a ragged girl of eight with auburn hair in straggling curls, bright eyes, and bare legs. On her feet Lu wore a pair of boy's boots which the wife of the Relieving Officer had given her, but otherwise her attire was unchanged. And her bright eyes were very wide and round and soulful as they fixed themselves on the bridegroom.

"Oh!" she murmured with a gasp, "don't 'e look lovely! And to think that's my—"

"Wilt thou, Archfield—?" began the Bishop.

"Begging your pardon, m'lud," said the bland-faced detective in plain clothes, "the gentleman can't. He's wanted!"

Bolderson, with a harsh, thick cry, stepped backwards and jostled heavily against his best man. He and Frank too had seen the squalid figures of the woman and the child behind the Inspector, and, as he did so, Lu bounded forward, crying, "Daddy! daddy!" and threw her lean, childish arms about Bolderson and hugged him as the Inspector repeated—

"He's wanted!"

"Good gracious!" ejaculated the Bishop. He closed the book and handed it to his subordinate. "Wanted! What for?"

"For deserting his wife and children and leaving 'em chargeable upon the Parish of St. Peter's, Mile End, close on seven years ago, m'lud," said the Inspector. "A clever dodge he carried out to do it."

"In the machine-room where poor Archfield Bolderson was killed!" cried the drab-faced woman who now made match-boxes, and had been at sixteen a potter in a pickle-factory. "And he changed clothes and things wi' him, and sent him home to me to cry for and bury as my husband, Alfred Johnston. An' I kep' the secret all these years, though I knew it was not my husband. An' he made a great name and became rich and famous, and then, because my 'art was bursting, I told the secret to the child—the only one I had left me. And she found out where he lived and where he went, and dragged me out, night after night, to see her daddy! And now the truth is out, and the whole world knows it!"

"I—I thought you were dead, Jenny!" spluttered the man whose name was no longer Archfield Bolderson, but Alfred Johnston, as Mr. Van Alden gave his daughter his arm and led her away.

It is with Hetty that the interest goes, and with the Best Man, whose ancient blood and aristocratic connections did not in the end prove an insuperable barrier to his union with the daughter of the Cereal King.

THE EXPECTED COMET.

For nineteen years we have managed to get on fairly well without a comet. Now there is one, in close proximity to the sun. You may find the sun any day without very troublesome search. Why not the comet? It is there all right, but when the sun is shining at its full power even the most brilliant comet has small chance of distinction. Hence it will only be seen either before sunrise or after sunset. Since 1882 none of these ghostly visitants have been visible in our northern latitudes without telescopic aid, and the comet of that year was not a particularly brilliant affair—nothing like Donati's Comet of 1858, which, according to some people, "stretched half across the skies." As a matter of fact, it didn't, but memories grow a good deal through the mist of forty years.

The new comet, first detected at the Cape, and since seen in other southern countries, has much akin with Donati's Comet. It started in the same way, suddenly flashing into sight, a conspicuously bright object, when near the sun, and it has thrown out three tails. Where it is going to is for the present a bit problematical. According to first accounts, it was moving rapidly in a northern direction, which would have brought it into view from London in the early hours before sunrise in probably a few days' time. Later advices, however, state that it still keeps south and far west of the sun, so that our view is likely to be delayed. Already it is reported from most improbable places—from the Yerkes Observatory, Wisconsin, United States, but that must be taken well salted—the sensational New York paper yarns are not to be kept down by a grain; also from Eastbourne, where an observer with abnormal vision is said to have seen it in daylight.



LA BELLE TORTAJADA, THE CELEBRATED SPANISH DANCER,
NOW APPEARING AT THE ALHAMBRA IN THE NEW OPERETTA, "LOS CONTRABANDISTAS."

(See "The Sketch" Musical and Theatrical Gossip.)

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FELLOWS WILLSON, NEW BOND STREET, W.

"THE SKETCH" ART JOTTINGS.

A REPRESENTATIVE exhibition of the works of the French master, Léon Lhermitte, must necessarily attract attention, for his fame is better known than his prowess in this country, and, though the collection at the Goupil Gallery does not include his greatest works, which hang in various public buildings abroad, it is sufficiently comprehensive to illustrate his way of seeing and his mode of representing Nature. The artist is rather a draughtsman than a colourist, and his bold charcoal drawings, with their rugged and characteristic figures, such as the wood-sawyers and the blacksmith, are, perhaps, even more impressive than his efforts in pastel and oils. Still, one must admire the effective pastel landscape, "Gathering Up the Hay," on account of its colour-arrangement, as well as of the movement of its figures; and the reserved landscape, "Washing" (the occupation of the figures in the foreground), comes very close to the atmospheric tones of Nature. A still finer pastel is "The Market-place," under whose shadow are women with vegetables, while the picturesque old houses outside are in full daylight—an uncommonly strong composition.

M. Lhermitte's treatment of oils is individual and somewhat peculiar, the basis being a light "rub in," on which impasto touches are placed

contributes some strong work. Children are sympathetically depicted by Miss Maud Benham and Miss Edith Aird. A pretty composition, representing "Lady Lawrence Jenkins" in a graceful robe, with all the emphasis thrown on her head, is furnished by Mr. Hal Hurst and Mr. A. Williams. Mr. E. Cotton Haig's works are marked by breadth and freedom, but lack vivacity of colour. Mr. A. Williams exhibits "Mrs. Cave Corfield" on a gold cigar-case, "Carla" minutely rendered on a ring, and a medallion, surrounded by pearls, representing "Mrs. Harry Moncreiffe." His portrait of "The Viscountess Dupplin" is also engaging. Mr. Dudley Hardy has a composition showing a girl reading "The Yellow Book." General Smith-Dorrien and Earl Roberts are depicted by Mrs. Mary Smith-Dorrien, and pleasing works are exhibited by Mrs. Mabel Lee Hankey, Mr. Quinnell, and Miss Mary Enfield.

MRS. ALLINGHAM'S "SEASONS"

It is difficult to withhold admiration from Mrs. Allingham's water-colours. One may say that her representations of "The Seasons," exhibited by the Fine Art Society, are old-fashioned, laboured, stippled, and sometimes even trivial, and yet recognise that they manifest a sympathetic underlying quality and a tender regard for Nature that make them engaging despite their faults. Moreover, they illustrate



HOME AGAIN.—G. SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

No. 419 in Gallery VI. of the Royal Academy.

where they tell. I may specially commend "The Young Wayfarer," a sturdy boy carrying a bundle, with a landscape setting in which there is plenty of daylight; and "Going to Pasture," an early morning effect with a shepherd driving his flock. The technique of this picture forms an interesting study, and it is a good example of the painter's manner.

MINIATURE PAINTERS.

There is a fascination about miniatures that few can resist—exquisite workmanship, delicate colour, and general daintiness; consequently, they are in increasing demand. Yet, as the present show of the Society of Miniature Painters at the Modern Gallery exemplifies, these charming qualities are often cultivated at the expense of the conviction and force of expression that are necessary to a portrait. If one wished to be captious, one might say that there is too much prettiness and not enough realisation of living humanity. But this would be too much like breaking a butterfly on a wheel. I would rather direct attention to what is really admirable in the show, and, in doing this, I have to admit with some regret that the chief honours are again carried away by the French painter, Madame Chardon. In her fascinating "Parisienne," and the charming composition, "Jeune Femme au Boa," she seems to have accomplished nearly all that one can look for in this kind of art, for, besides being exquisite, they are forceful and characteristic. Another French painter, Mlle. de Chanosé,

such charming scenes—old timbered cottages with thatch and creepers, pretty gardens, and rustic children at play—that one cannot help deriving pleasure from the show. It is a tribute to this accomplished lady's skill to remark that, with all her tight handling, she manages to keep her colour fresh.

DORÉ GALLERY.

At this gallery is shown a curious work by David Vinckenbooms, representing "A Festival in Honour of Catherine de Medici," a large picture painted presumably about the end of the sixteenth century. The artist had to rely on his imagination for his facts, and he has consequently depicted what is intended for a Venetian scene with figures of a Dutch type and many Dutch accessories. Nevertheless, the picture is a remarkable one that well deserves the attention of those who are interested in the minor painters of this memorable and particularly fruitful period.

The Emperor William, dissatisfied with the doings of his former yacht, had a beautiful new one built for himself a short while ago. The new yacht is named *Samoa II.*, and was tried for the first time at the Berlin Regatta, but misbehaved herself in every possible way. Not only did she fail to carry off the first prize, but she even had the rudeness to come in the last of all the boats which entered for the race. The Kaiser will probably immediately order a new yacht to be built.

MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

THE GREAT SINGERS

winged their flight from America at the beginning of the month. Madame Melba sailed from New York in the *Teutonic* on May 1, and may possibly sing at Covent Garden in June. We must all hope she will. Madame Nordica left in the *Columbia* next day. Mr. Bispham, who is to play Benedick in "Much Ado About Nothing," started at the



MISS EVA MOORE (MRS. H. V. ESMOND) AT HOME WITH HER PROMISING OFFSPRING.

Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

end of April with the brothers de Reszke, Signor Scotti, M. Plançon, Fräulein Ternina, and Madame Suzanne Adams. They were in Mr. Grau's company, and appeared for his benefit, which realised over four thousand pounds for the enterprising operatic manager.

THE WORSHIP OF WAGNER.

Wagner, once ridiculed, is now glorified. I hear from Munich that a splendid new theatre, standing in a picturesque position on the banks of the Isar, will shortly be finished, and devoted entirely to performances of Wagner's works. It is to open on Aug. 21 with the "Meistersinger," in which some of the finest of German artists will take part. Frau Cosima Wagner is taking great interest in this second theatre devoted to her famous husband's works, and is expected to make some concessions to the Management in the matter of performances, which are likely to rival those of Bayreuth, the arrangements of the stage being unusually complete.

WAGNER AT COVENT GARDEN.

I understand that the reduced number of Wagner's works to be given at the Royal Opera this season is owing to the desire of many influential patrons of Covent Garden to hear a few of the older operas, the revival of Verdi's "Rigoletto" being suggested by an aristocratic opera-goer.

M. PADEREWSKI'S OPERA

is to be produced at Dresden on the 21st inst. The story is rather sensational, but the music is striking, melodious, and original—in fact, just what operatic music should be. I hope the brilliant pianist and composer will have a complete success. If so, the opera will be performed all over the world.

SARASATE AND PACHMANN.

Two musical "stars" will shine in London this season, after a considerable absence—M. Sarasate, the renowned Spanish violinist, and M. Vladimir Pachmann, the best of all Chopin players.

HERR KUBELIK.

I fancy we shall have a revival of the Paganini style of violin-playing. The reception of Herr Kubelik at his recital on May 4 was so extremely enthusiastic that he will probably be the musical lion of the

season. The Bohemian violinist is barely twenty years of age, but he has conquered every difficulty of the violin.

THE LATE SIR JOHN STAINER.

Some anecdotes are just told of the late Sir John Stainer, showing how popular he was with Oxford students when he was organist at Magdalen College. I remember well how his genial manner captivated me when I was first introduced to him. It added an irresistible charm to his remarkable playing.

MISS EVA MOORE (MRS. H. V. ESMOND),

by a happy coincidence, had her best chance of distinction offered her in her husband's delightful comedy of "The Wilderness," which Mr. George Alexander, one of the foremost encouragers of living British dramatists, had the sound judgment to select for the St. James's Theatre, where this charming modern play is an undoubted success. Captivatingly natural at first as the seemingly incurable flirt, she is no less bewitching as the young wife, and her vivacious style is very welcome. This dainty and sparkling little lady is among those kind-hearted leaders of her profession who take a lively interest in the comfort and welfare of the humble class of stage-workers. She is, for example, one of the most earnest and generous supporters of the Rehearsal Club, the claims of which have this week been advocated by Sir Henry Irving, Mr. Alexander, and other shining lights of the theatre. The Rehearsal Club supplies a great want, providing food and shelter for the choristers and danseuses, who, without such a meeting-place, would fare badly indeed in the intervals of rehearsals and of matinée and evening performances. Success to the Rehearsal Club; and more power to such good friends of the institution as Miss Eva Moore, of whom I have the pleasure and privilege of giving a couple of fresh photographs representing her at home and in her newest character.

"BEN HUR" FOR OLD DRURY.

Mr. Arthur Collins is a good judge of the sort of melodrama the London playgoing public likes. A success may, accordingly, be anticipated for the great religious drama of "Ben Hur," which Mr. Collins was so taken with during its remarkably prosperous run in New York that he arranged with MM. Klaw and Erlanger to produce it at Drury Lane next Easter—with an entirely English company, however, and with new scenery by English scenic artists.

THE LATE G. W. MACDERMOTT.

"A Sightseer" writes: "I am very sorry to hear of the death of G. W. Macdermott. 'Mac' was a good fellow, and, having been a sailor in the Navy, he always had a breezy manner with him, which carried his songs with the audience. He had a resonant but not a musical voice, and his greatest success was due to the fact that every



MISS EVA MOORE AS MABEL VAUGHAN IN "THE WILDERNESS" (BY HER HUSBAND), AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

word he sang could be heard. He made the word 'Jingo' famous throughout the world by the song 'We don't want to fight,' but he did not write it, as many persons suppose. G. W. Hunt was the author, and, as a matter of fact, Macdermott, when the ditty was submitted to him, asked who 'Jingo' was. He also made a furore with 'The Two Obadiah's' at the old London Pavilion, in the days when Mr. Loibl used to serve in his shirt-sleeves behind the bar of the converted stable-yard.

'Mac' was a generous-hearted man, and he will be very much regretted by poor members of his profession."

SIR A. C. MACKENZIE.

The distinguished Principal of the Royal Academy of Music (who was among the eminent musicians who paid homage to Dr. Joachim) is now delivering a series of lectures at the Royal Institution on the late Sir Arthur Sullivan. He was born at Edinburgh in 1847; at ten years of age studied in Germany, and at fourteen was first-violin in the Ducal Orchestra at Schwarzburg-Sondershausen. In 1862 he returned to London, and studied under the great violinist, M. Sainton, winning the King's Scholarship at the



SIR A. C. MACKENZIE, MUS. DOC.,
PRINCIPAL OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
Photo by Barrands, Oxford Street, W.

Royal Academy of Music. In 1865 he settled in Edinburgh, devoting much of his time to composition. He wrote a cantata, "Jason," for the Bristol Festival of 1882. The opera "Columba" was one of his best works. It was performed by the Carl Rosa Company at Drury Lane in 1883. He has written some overtures and two Scottish Rhapsodies for the orchestra, besides chamber-music, songs, a comic opera for the Savoy, &c., while his services at the Royal Academy have largely aided to maintain the high position held by that Institution.

SIR ARTHUR'S "GOLDEN LEGEND."

The one hundred and sixty-third Anniversary Festival of "The Royal Society of Musicians" will take place at the Crystal Palace, on Saturday, June 22. I am glad to see Sir Arthur Sullivan's "Golden Legend" announced. It is a charming work, and for the first time is to be given on a Handel Festival scale, the performers numbering four thousand altogether, with Madame Albani, Madame Marian Mackenzie, Mr. Ben Davies, Mr. Bantock Pierpoint, and Mr. Andrew Black as soloists. The veteran Mr. Manns will conduct.

THE NEW BECHSTEIN CONCERT-HALL.

will open very soon, and some attractive musical events will take place there. I saw the hall a few days ago, and, although it was not quite finished, it gave me the impression that the Bechstein Hall will be one of the most popular concert-rooms of the future. It will hold about six hundred visitors.

SIGNOR ANSELM.

I am told great things about the new Italian tenor, Signor Anselmi, who may come to Covent Garden this season. His voice, says my informant, "is a genuine tenor, not a high baritone, and his style is most artistic and impressive."

DR. JOACHIM.

At a dinner given in honour of Dr. Joachim by the Oxford and Cambridge Musical Club on April 27, at the Monico Restaurant, Piccadilly Circus, the Lord Chief Justice, who has a great love of music, said the Club was particularly fortunate in having Dr. Joachim as its President. What seemed to him most important in the work of the great violinist was the way in which he had popularised quartette and other classical chamber-music in this country. Mendelssohn appreciated Dr. Joachim's great ability, and gave him not only the most valuable advice in musical matters, but also in literary culture. The Lord Chief Justice (who did good service to musical education when President of Trinity College, Mandeville Place) thought that juvenile prodigies would not fail so often in after-life if this wise plan were to be adopted. Since the year 1844, Dr. Joachim's career had been one of absolute and unbroken success, mainly because he had never played to the gallery, and had never done a selfish action. Dr. Joachim is a native of Kittsee, near Presburg, in Hungary, where he was born in 1831. He first



PROFESSOR JOACHIM, MUS. DOC.,
PRESIDENT OF THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE
MUSICAL CLUB.

Photo by Barrands, Oxford Street, W.

studied at Vienna, then at Leipsic. In 1850 he became leader at Weimar. In 1854 he was at the Hanover Opera, in 1869 was appointed Professor and Director of the High School of Music. Dr. Joachim is universally recognised as the first representative of the classic school of violin-playing. He has also composed some admirable works. At the present time, he is giving Chamber Concerts with great success at St. James's Hall, assisted by his own quartette-party. His overture to "Hamlet" and Hungarian Concerto for the violin are highly prized by all musicians.

"LA BELLE TORTAJADA,"

looking handsomer and more bewitching than ever, is creating a little sensation at the Alhambra in a new Spanish operetta entitled "Los Contrabandistas," which is in one Act and three Scenes, the last one, "La Plaza de Toros," being a very beautiful "set." La Tortajada is a smuggler who is betrayed by a rival desirous of monopolising the love of Pepeillo, a toreador, to the police. The fair contrabandista wounds one of the officers who arrest her, and she is thrown into prison, where she sings and dances after the manner of Grand Opera. On hearing the noise of the popular excitement aroused by a forthcoming bull-fight, she breaks out of prison, but fears to enter the amphitheatre. However, she sings the "Mantilla" drinking-song. Presently, news is brought that Pepeillo has been killed. In her despair, La Tortajada would kill herself, but the music of the Requiem being sung in the Cathedral for the dead hero engenders a more resigned spirit. La Tortajada gives to the character of the wild, jealous contrabandista a splendid interpretation, while she sings with grand dramatic force. One could wish that she danced more. Her dresses are most effective.

THE LONDON HIPPODROME.

A "sketch" of much originality and of considerable interest has just been added to the London Hippodrome programme. It is played by the Auers, one of whom represents an artist so reduced as to lack the colours with which to paint. To him enters another artist, who, through want, has turned *chiffonnier*, or rag-seavenger, and who throws down on the stage his day's pickings. With these the two artists, suddenly inspired, create most effective pictures by sticking pieces of the rags on a black-board so as to represent a basket of flowers on a white-clothed table, a Swiss chalet after a snowstorm, a St. Bernard's head, and so on. Interest is sustained throughout the construction of the pictures, as frequently no clue to the subject of the pictures is revealed till the last piece of rag is affixed. Lafayette has returned more mystic and marvellous than ever, and his present *mise-en-scène* is brilliant in the extreme. Another excellent and novel "turn" is the exhibition of acrobatic feats on a galloping horse by the exceptionally clever trio, the Fredianis.



MISS GRACE WOODWARD.

After a short period of rest, Miss Grace Woodward, the well-known contralto, has resumed her professional career. The solos of Miss Grace Woodward were always popular at the Queen's Hall, the Promenade, and other Concerts, and, apart from the lady's personal charm, as befits a pupil of such a trio as Mr. William Shakespeare, Signor Luigi Vannucini, and Mr. Santley, she is a thorough musician. In a time when contraltos of the first quality are so rare, it is a pleasure to welcome back a sweet-voiced oratorio and concert favourite.

MISS GRACE WOODWARD,
CONTRALTO.
Photo by Mendelssohn.

TOM ROBERTSON'S "CASTE" IN PARIS.

I have never seen a more fashionable foregathering of the English Colony (writes my ubiquitous Paris Correspondent) than that which assembled at the Athénée Saint-Germain to give Mr. Rellaw a send-off in his attempt to found an English Comedy Company in Paris. "Caste" was selected, and was played agreeably. I particularly noticed Miss Unger as Polly, Mr. Rellaw as d'Alroy, Mr. Henry as Hawtrey. I believe that Mr. Rellaw has the capital idea of profiting by the influx of English visitors for the Grand Prix to give a series of matinées during the great week at a central theatre.

THE RETURN OF SARAH.

The capacity of Sarah Bernhardt to love everybody, and be charming on all provocations, was strikingly instanced when she arrived at the Gare St. Lazare on her return to Paris after her American tour. It was just on two in the morning when the train steamed in, and it had been weary waiting, for the French railways have never risen to our English ideas and given the chance of a cup of coffee and a quiet think in a refreshment-room on the platform. It is adopting no formula to say that Sarah looked younger than ever. She did not suggest a passenger from America, but one from Auteuil Races. She had a loosely fitting racing-mantle on, and a brilliantly blue hat. She shook hands with everyone, and kissed all the ladies.

SARAH BERNHARDT'S AMERICAN EXPLOITS.

Madame Sarah Bernhardt has since been entertaining her fellow-countrymen with tales of how she has lived for six months among houses twenty storeys high, so that she could never see a roof; of the chase she gave the American snapshot photographers; above all, of how she hunted the crocodile at New Orleans. In masculine dress and rubber boots, she waded the swamp and shot a crocodile nine feet long, whose skin she has brought home to make a portfolio for her son, and another for M. Edmond Rostand. She and Coquelin start off almost at once for Geneva, and will begin the season in London on June 1.

THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

Wheelmen and Queen Victoria—A London Boulevard—The Sunday Train—The Chinese Lamp—Cyclists as Volunteers.

Time to light up: Wednesday, May 15, 8.42; Thursday, 8.43; Friday, 8.44; Saturday, 8.46; Sunday, 8.47; Monday, 8.48; Tuesday, 8.50.

A movement is on foot for cyclists to have a special memorial to our late Queen. Ripley is perhaps the most popular village visited by South of London cyclists when they take a spin into the country, and the idea is to raise five hundred pounds by means of a shilling fund, so that a new organ may be placed in Ripley Church. I am as loyal as anyone. Further, it is delightful to find a really good organ in a village church. But, with the best wishes in the world for the success of the project, I doubt whether it has the slightest chance of fulfilment. Queen Victoria was not a cyclist, and, although she once had a tricycle built to order, she never rode it. Five hundred pounds is a large sum, and I doubt whether cyclists in the North of England, or even in the North of London, will contribute to the adornment of a church in which they have no direct interest. People will contribute only to memorials in their own neighbourhood, or to a national memorial. I shall therefore be surprised, but delighted, if the Ripley Church memorial is carried through.

A much more likely memorial to the dead Queen, expensive but popular, and especially beneficial to the London cyclist, is to girdle our great city with a boulevard. There is a sort of necklace of parks and commons round London, and the proposal is that a boulevard should strike through each of them, and also that each should be joined by a tree-lined avenue. Were this done, it is calculated that the boulevard would be just twenty-two miles round. The idea is magnificent. I am almost inclined to forget that I am a ratepayer in thinking of the delight of such a roadway. The expense would be terrible, but, then, future generations could be made to contribute their share if the County Council raised the money as a big loan.

I spent a pleasant day on the borderland of Sussex and Kent when I went down to East Grinstead by the first Sunday cyclist-train run this season by the London and Brighton Railway Company. This Sunday train ran for several months last year to the pretty parts of Surrey and Sussex, and was an unqualified success. This year the Brighton Company send their special train for wheelers to East Grinstead and to Horsham on alternate Sundays, and give cyclists an opportunity of spending six or seven hours amid beautiful surroundings. I was one of a party, and from East Grinstead we struck by way of Groombridge to Tunbridge Wells, and came back by way of Ashurst. Within an hour and a-half after leaving home we were cycling along a charming road with clusters of primroses and violets on the bank-sides. Some of the villages, like Groombridge, for instance, keep their old-world atmosphere, so that one felt like being back in the peaceful, slumberous days of the seventeenth century. And the scenery—well, I could rhapsodise to the length of a column on the picturesqueness of the land. The point is, we all had a happy day, and the best advice I can give to the Londoner is to take his bicycle down to Victoria Station at ten o'clock any Sunday morning, pay his four shillings, which will convey himself and his bicycle, and then let the Brighton Company spin him, in the course of just over an hour, to East Grinstead or Horsham.

This train is a boon, particularly to those of us who live in the South of London. But why cannot the companies on the other side of the Metropolis do something in the same direction? The Great Northern have accomplished a great deal in the way of issuing special cyclists' tickets; but this is not quite the same thing, and does not appeal to the imagination of the cyclist so much as taking him and his wheel to a certain pretty spot, letting him roam about for half-a-dozen hours, and

then bringing him back in the evening. I do not see at all why the same thing should not be done in the provinces. I imagine special trains run out of Birmingham, Manchester, Plymouth, Leeds, Newcastle, and Liverpool would meet with considerable support. Anyway, a railway company has not much mettle if it does not have the courage to make the experiment. Of course, the fares must be cheap, and my own belief is that, were the railway companies to issue half-a-crown excursions, including cyclist and cycle, they would be immensely popular.

A bench of Magistrates recently fined a cyclist for riding without a light, although he had a Chinese lantern with him. The argument of the Justices was that a Chinese lantern is not "a light within the meaning of the Act"! I am no lawyer, but I do think this is just one of those cases that bear out the old saying that "the law is an ass." Chinese lanterns are extremely pretty, and, although they have never become extensively popular in England, I have seen them used by the hundreds on the boulevards in Paris and in the roads around New York, making a very effective sight. And, from a purely utilitarian point of view, a Chinese lantern is really more useful than an ordinary lamp. The average lamp gives a pale, flickering light, whereas the lantern is more pronounced, and, at the same time, affords a light that does not startle the horses. As many think that cycling should be ornamental as

well as useful, I suggest to one of the big associations, either the "C.T.C." or "N.C.U.," that they take the matter up and get a definite high legal declaration that Chinese lanterns are allowable.

Only a year ago, or less, cyclists were quite as loud in their grumblings at the War Office as any section of folks in the land. Here was an army of efficient men, capable cyclists, all ready to fight for their country, and it was only the War Office that stood in the way, throwing cold water on patriotism. At last, the War Office was aroused to the advantages of the cyclist as a warrior. Jubilation was great when the authorities announced their intention of raising for active service a complete company of Volunteer cyclists in each of the military districts in England and Scotland.

"Now," everybody thought, "there will be a rush and scramble of the patriotic wheelmen to go and fight the Boers." Not a bit of it! The enthusiasm which was so vigorous before the War Office sanctioned the raising of the company died the moment the obstacle was removed. The result is that the scheme has been abandoned. However, cyclists drawn from many of the provincial Volunteer corps, to the number of one hundred and thirty, have been mobilised at Aldershot, and by now will be on their way to "the Front."

J. F. F.

PURE BEER—AND A NEW JUG.

In view of the grievous distress caused in the North of England by the dissemination of poisoned beer, any invention which makes for the purity of the national beverage should be warmly welcomed. London has lately been placarded with a large poster showing beer being poured from a comfortable-looking jug. The jug in question, the property of the Kannenbeer Company, is sold filled with beer, and, when empty, is returned to the works, where the process of cleansing is perfection. Yet, though cleanliness is, indeed, next to godliness, this is not by any means the chief merit of this new beer-jug. The lid is attached by a fixed hinge to the body of the vessel, on which it closes by a patent process, so that, to all intents and purposes, the jug is hermetically sealed. This being so, it will at once be recognised that one of the great enemies of beer—air—is no longer a factor, and a deterring one at that, in beer "jugged" by this process. Again, light being also excluded, sediment and bacteria are abolished. It is claimed for Kannenbeer that it is absolutely pure, being supplied by the leading firms in Burton. In addition, the finest lager from Munich and Pilsener is supplied in the same closed jug, so that Londoners—and in time, it is to be presumed, our country cousins—will be enabled to slake their summer thirst with this light and exhilarating beverage in their own houses, and in just as good condition as though they were drinking it in a German beer-garden.



GEORGE ROBEY, WALTER MUNRO, AND DAN LENO AMUSE THEMSELVES AND OTHERS.

Photographed at the Music Hall Sports by Foulsham and Bunfield, Wigmore Street, W.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

Newmarket.

I must congratulate the Stewards of the Jockey Club on the results of their enterprise at Newmarket. With reduced charges and improvement in the management of the course all round, the attendance during the Guineas' week was larger than I have seen at the Rowley Mile Stand for a long time, and it can be taken for granted that, directly the Royal Family appear on the Heath again,



DAVID GARRICK (WINNER OF THE CHESTER CUP) AFTER THE RACE.

Mr. P. Lorillard's David Garrick, by Hanover—Peg Woffington, 4 years, 8 st. 10 lb. (L. Reiff up), beat Lady Penzance by two lengths, and there were three lengths between the second and Stoccardo, the third horse.

all gate records will be broken. The reduction of the charge for carriages to one shilling was a capital move for the cabbies, who now do two or three journeys each way. I prefer to walk up and down, and I should like all to do the same; but the weak, the halt, and the blind have to resort to the four-wheeler, and they must find the reduction of the fee from five shillings to one shilling a big relief. If the Stewards would only allow all races to finish at the Rowley Mile Stand, and further, if they could be induced to widen the tunnel between Tattersall's Ring and the Birdage, we could not possibly find anything to grumble about. As it is, the powers that be show that they are determined to move with the times.

Futures.

Royal Rouge is very likely to win the Newmarket Stakes, and the colt, who belongs to Mr. C. Morbey, the ex-jockey, may make a bold bid in the Derby. For the Blue Riband of the Turf the field should be well above the average in the point of numbers, and I advise all owners who think their animals have a chance to start them, as on paper it is anybody's race. The majority of the three-year-olds that I have seen running this year are palpable non-stayers, while many of them cannot even sprint, so there is a chance at Epsom for a moderately fast youngster that has been tried to stay the distance. I do not suggest that we are in for another Jeddah year, but I do think it is all 10 to 1 on the field at the present moment. I should like to see Mr. Whitney win the race, as I am told he is a very good sportsman, but it is not possible to command the spoils at racing.

The Chester Cup.

Blackwell had told all his friends previous to the race for the City and Suburban that David Garrick must win if he gave his true running. But the horse—a very handsome creature, by-the-bye—refused to gallop, and was ignominiously beaten. I think the cause of the upset was the stupid policy pursued in trying to start the race right across a tan-path, and this never should be allowed. David Garrick ran all right at Chester, and he proved himself to be every bit as good as he had been painted by Blackwell, and it says something in favour of the English trainers when we find Mr. Lorillard employing an Englishman to train for him, while Mr. Keene accords his patronage to Sam Darling, who knows all that is worth knowing about the training of thoroughbreds. On the other hand, it should be noted that the gentleman who owns the horses trained by the South Americans is said to be an Englishman who races under an assumed name!

Whitewash.

The majority of the Clerks of Courses are enterprising men, and thus do not object to be told of their faults by anyone having useful suggestions to give them. I, therefore, with confidence appeal to all Clerks of Courses to have the palings surrounding the running-tracks covered in white paint, and not daubed with whitewash, as is the case at some meetings I could mention. Little punters generally put on their best black when they go racing, and they get white enough, as a rule, with the dust to be met with on the roads. It is thus terribly hard lines to have to lean on newly white-washed railings throughout the afternoon. Paint is cheap enough; besides, it lasts the season through when properly applied, while whitewash is but a poor substitute, anyway. Perhaps some of the funny

officials think their patrons require whitewashing, or can it be that the wily Clerks hold shares in the West-End Court milliners' establishments? Mourning is generally worn by the ladies just now, and it is a great big shame to cover their beautiful black dresses with burnt lime.

Bookies and Backers.

The little bookmakers have had a terrible time since the opening of the flat-race season, and many of them have been badly bitten at the game. It seems, the silver backers seldom return all their winnings to the bookmakers, as they spend a portion of their lucky gains after getting a big haul, and this is so much dead loss to the layers. It is well-nigh impossible to make a round book either on the course or off it in these days. Only two or three horses in any one race are seriously backed, and, if one of those should happen to win, the poor bookie finds himself in the position of the boy who has on a "good hiding to nothing." The ante-post betting, too, has been disastrous for the bookmakers this year. Beginning with the Lincoln Handicap, all the big winners, with the single exception of that of the Two Thousand Guineas, have been freely supported all over the country, while, to add to the loss, the same horses have practically been the only ones to be seriously backed at the post. The Chancellor of the Exchequer need not expect to receive any conscience-money from the bookmakers this year.

Sloan Again.

I do wish the Stewards of the Jockey Club could see their way to renewing Sloan's licence, as he was by many of us looked upon as a star of the first magnitude when he was performing in the saddle. I have an idea. Let Sloan's services be utilised as a schoolmaster to some of our flash jockeys. I have read in the sporting papers several times of late of favourites who refused to gallop. Why not give Sloan his licence and allow him to ride all the roguish horses which other jockeys have failed on? Many of them he would land home easy winners, and I will tell you why. Sloan's voice is musical, not harsh. He talks to a horse like any reasonable man would talk to a pet dog. He does not attempt to conquer the animal's temper by rough usage, preferring to coax the horse into doing his best by tenderly handling him, patting him on the neck, and generally coaxing him into a natural temperature. Some of our butcher jockeys who saw a horse's mouth so unmercifully at the starting-post and in the race wonder why their "luck is always dead out." Let them try the Sloan remedy, and they will wonder no longer.

Ascot.

Although Ascot will be far from bright this year, I am told that the lady milliners and costumiers are already preparing for a busy time. The colours mostly favoured by the ladies now are mauve and violet, but I expect we shall see something a bit brighter on the Royal Heath. The course, by-the-bye, has suffered from the long course of drying east winds, but it has benefited by the recent spell of rain, and the herbage just now is greener than it will be after the third day's racing has taken place. We are to have a regular battle between English and French horses at the meeting. Add to these the importations from Australia and America, and you get some idea of the international turn the meeting will take. The Band of the Royal Artillery will perform on the Lawn, but the Police Band that always played at the back of the Stands during the Royal luncheon-hour is not likely to appear this year. I hope, however, that the men will be allowed to be present, just to see the racing. CAPTAIN COE.

The "Military Trousers Stretcher and Presser" is a handy contrivance, invented by Mr. W. Dutton, of Bridge Street Row, Chester, and the patentee claims that every man can keep his trousers new-looking by using it.



THE EXILES' FOOTBALL TEAM AT GIBRALTAR.

Which won the Football Association Challenge Cup, presented by the Merchants of "Gib.", beating the Prince of Wales's Football Club by two goals to one.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

THE tendency of all things nowadays is towards the saving of trouble and the greater ease and luxury of living, which are, after all, one and the same thing, so that, when one hears of a giant hotel in course of erection where inclusive terms will provide bed, board, and a railway-ticket to town and back for one year, one seems to



[Copyright.]

EMPRESS GOWN OF WHITE GAUZE EMBROIDERED IN SILVER.

realise that, with all this saving of trouble, ease in one's surroundings, and banishment of home-life into the limbo of forgotten things, we have really entered on a new era of economy, comfort, and condensation, where the old order changeth and the new is in accord with our modern methods of living. But, though some may regret this invasion of the practical and ousting of the picturesque, it can be remembered that Nature does not change like her handmaiden, Art. And it is undoubtedly an advantage which our grandfathers, good conservatives as they were, would not have sniffed at to be able to enjoy, with such comfort as we moderns can, the most beautiful surroundings in the luxurious environment of the modern hotel. A noted case in point occurs to me in this connection, where, on the wild coast of Northern Cornwall, with its bracing Atlantic breezes and magnificently impressive scenery, the Headland Hotel, at Newquay, provides the most luxurious environment that the heart of the holiday-maker can desire. Miss Braddon is often to be found at King Arthur's Castle Hotel at Tintagel, a country-side in which the scenes of several of her novels are laid. Many well-known faces are to be met with in a vicinity which appeals to all lovers of the picturesque as well as seekers after health, and, amongst recent guests at the Headland Hotel, Lord Monkswell, Colonel Clive, and Colonel Bemrose were to be found.

Following the excitements provided by the Chester Races last week, Manchester, and the entire county, in fact, is in active preparation for

the great Victorian Fête to come off on the 22nd to the 25th at St. James's Hall, Manchester. Lady Derby and Lady Gerard, who are both Presidents for different divisions, have been especially active, and the patrons include a very portentous roll-call indeed of great names. The Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association should benefit very substantially from the proceeds of this admirably organised fête, which is to include an Egyptian, Australasian, Mediterranean, Canadian, Indian, and, last but not least, a British Section. Manchester is, in fact, to outvie itself in magnificence, and, that the great event shall not be forgotten, Mr. Langfieri, of Bond Street, who is one of the most fashionable photographers of London, has philanthropically offered to transport his skilful operators and apparatus to Manchester for the occasion and photograph free all who are actively connected with the Victorian Fête. Needless to add, this generous offer, which involves considerable expenditure, will be amply responded to.

A new dentifrice, called Eau de Botot, is being exploited just now, for which every virtue under the sun is claimed, amongst them that of preserving the teeth as well as giving them that snowy whiteness which is, as a rule, the special prerogative of very young children. Eau de Botot has risen into fame in France on its own many merits undoubtedly. But the fact that Madame Waldeck-Rousseau, as step-daughter of the late famous Dr. Chareot, has inherited as a property the rights of Eau de Botot gives some journals the opportunity for indulging in topical witticisms, and "Waldeck-Rousseau" has been transposed into "Waldeck-Botot" in allusions to the President of the Council of late;



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GRASS-LAWN AND WHITE LINEN APPLIQUÉ.

while the well-known dentifrice has received an excellent advertisement in these journalistic amenities to boot.

Claridge's new Tea "Saloon" should be one of the Season's successes, and, judging from the numbers of social elect who foregathered at the opening function on Monday, the 6th, it should soon become a

recognised haunt of Mayfairian light and leading. Lord Chesterfield, Lady Romney, Lady Ancester, Mr. and Mrs. Hwfa Williams, Mrs. Ronalds, Lady Cantelupe, and dozens beside showed up on opening-day, to which attractive company were added the other material temptations of an excellent tea and a capital band, so that on all accounts Claridge's for tea should become as favourite a legend in Society as the Carlton for dinner, "Prince's" for lunch, or the Savoy for its merry suppers.

At the much-talked-of Glasgow Exhibition, which is certainly an object-lesson in art as well as utilitarianism, no exhibit has obtained a more ardently interested audience than that of the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, with its wonderful display of jewellery and plate, the latter admirably and adequately represented by two splendid dessert-services, one of silver and the other of gold, while the former precious metal is also shown in its most modern and highly æsthetic guise, dulled, hand-wrought, and inlaid with cabochon jewels, coloured enamels, and even mosaics of copper—silver ware, in fact, at its best and most truly artistic. The Company's jewels include diamond-work in bracelets, tiaras, and necklaces, as fine as lace—triumphs, in fact, of gem-setting; while enticing strings of perfectly matched pearls, muff-chains of diamonds, opals, star sapphires, pink topaz, and other fashion-favoured jewels, have been sent North of the Tweed to beguile the wary Caledonian to unwonted expansiveness.

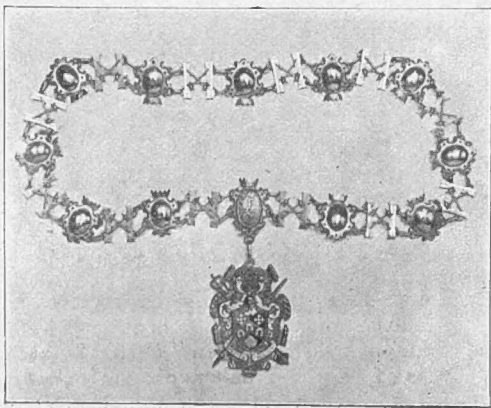
I have said less than nothing about frocks and fripperies this week, but will wind up this tangled skein of subjects with a word in season of good advice which would direct all and sundry readers to the new Wigmore Street premises opened by Mr. Charles Lee as an addition to his present well-known business. Blouses, ruffles, laces, lingerie of the daintiest, most delicate workmanship are exhibited at prices extraordinarily within reach, while the recently added department for making costumes of all kinds discloses the latest fashions conceived with the utmost *chic* and executed with the utmost skill. Unusual excellence stamps all Charles Lee's productions. Even his gloves and veils have a *cachet*—cut and character—of their own, so it is not surprising that half the Royalties of Europe are amongst his customers as well as the well-dressed of all classes at home. It would be difficult to specialise any particular object in my allotted space, but I can recommend to the Eternal Feminine Charles Lee's new pamphlet of season novelties. It contains a summary of most things beloved of woman.

SYBIL.

The news that Mr. Marconi, of wireless telegraphy fame, is to marry an American girl was, it appears, one of those little secrets which leak out before they are intended. Miss Josephine Bowen Holman, the bride-elect who, all being well, will become Mrs. Marconi before the year is over, is the daughter of the late Justice J. A. Holman, of the Indiana Supreme Court, and is closely related to the Member of Congress of the same name who has been nicknamed "The Watch dog of the Treasury." Her face is, according to one who has seen her, "an exquisite oval framed in a quantity of light-brown hair and lit by a pair of big dark eyes."

The revival of panoramic photography is now attracting considerable attention. The photograph which includes the ordinary angle of view—that is, just about as much as is seen fairly clearly when the eyes are fixed on one point of sight—is invaluable as a record, and may be made highly pictorial and interesting; but there is that about a panoramic picture which appears to give a better idea of many scenes and subjects than any narrower-angle view can possibly present. The recent introduction of the very simple and extraordinarily compact Panoram Kodaks will, doubtless, lead many photographers this year to enter upon this charming branch of the hobby of photography.

I give illustrations of the handsome silver-gilt mace presented to the Hammersmith Borough Council by Mr. W. J. Smith, a member of the Lite Vestry, and the artistic Mayoral chain, provided by subscription. Both the mace and chain have been manufactured by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, 112, Regent Street, and the Company has well maintained its high reputation by the skilful manner in which the work has been executed.



MAYORAL MACE AND CHAIN OF THE HAMMERSMITH BOROUGH COUNCIL.

‘THE SHAMROCK COUNTESS’

THE COUNTESS OF LIMERICK has well earned the title of "The Shamrock Countess," for, thanks to her efforts, one of the most deserving of the War Funds has acquired this spring a substantial addition to its funds owing to the sale of the "dear little shamrock" so cleverly organised by the mistress of Dromore Castle. The young Countess—before her marriage Miss Burke-Irwin, the daughter



THE COUNTESS OF LIMERICK.

Photo by Lafayette, London and Dublin.

of one of Ireland's most popular sportsmen, and herself, both as a girl and since her marriage, one of the straightest riders to hounds in the Emerald Isle—early joined the group of those energetic Irish Peeresses who do all in their power to improve the lot of their poorer friends and neighbours. The Shamrock League has succeeded beyond the wildest dreams of its promoters, and, during the days which preceded March 17, Lady Limerick and her friends worked hard all day tying up tiny nose-gays of Ireland's national green blossom and despatching it to all corners of the world. Lord and Lady Limerick have two little children—Viscount Glentworth and Lady Victoria Pery.

THE AMATEUR CHAMPION GOLF-PLAYER.

For many years, Mr. Harold H. Hilton, who on Friday last (May 10) won the Amateur Championship for the second year in succession, has occupied a place in the very highest rank of golf-players. In 1877, when but nine years of age, he won the Boys' Medal at Hoylake, close to which famous golfing centre he was born, namely, at West Kirby. Fifteen years later, after many successes of different kinds, Mr. Hilton gained the highest distinction that golf has to bestow by winning the Championship, which is open to professionals as well as amateurs. Five years later, he repeated the performance, and to this day no other amateur player has twice been Golfing Champion. Singularly enough, Mr. Hilton was denied the honour of Amateur Championship until last year, though on several occasions he had been sufficiently near it to make the failure very disappointing. Both last year and this his play could scarcely have been surpassed, regarding it from beginning to end of the respective competitions, but on Friday it was the narrowest of victories which he gained. Mr. J. L. Low is a Scot, and, therefore, the final had an international flavour. He played as if his country's honour were at stake, and he is to be heartily congratulated on taking so renowned a player as Mr. Hilton to the very last green, the match being won by a hole only.

A dainty brochure has been prepared by the Management of St. Ermin's Hotel, Westminster, for circulation amongst the guests at the hotel. It contains sketches by several well-known artists and a brightly written description of some of the most attractive features of the place, and is in itself quite a handy and beautiful Guide to London. The booklet, which is bound in a unique celluloid cover, can be obtained on application to the Secretary.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on May 29.

ON 'CHANGE.

LAST week we remarked on the signs of danger which were very evident in the American Market, and, now the storm has fairly burst, great uneasiness prevails in the Stock Exchange as to the coming Settlement, and all sorts of yarns are, as usual, going round as to how much this man and the other have lost. Unless the



CAPEL COURT, 1801.

Wall Street corner in Northern Pacifics is repeated here in Milwaukee or some other of the active stocks, we think the danger is exaggerated, for the people who are hit have made a good bit of money, and most of them can stand it—or should be able to do so.

As a natural consequence of the abnormal excitement in Yankees, every other market has been in a hesitating mood, people preferring to wait and see what is going to happen when the excitement is so intense; and the fixing of the 21st inst. for the Special Settlements in Rossland and Kootenay shares has not added to the desire to deal in mines, for, although it is generally supposed that there will be very little trouble, the feeling of security is only skin-deep.

In nearly all departments, therefore, we have suffered from sagging markets. In the Industrial corner we hear nothing but condemnation of the proposed amalgamation of the Russian Petroleum and Baku Companies, to which the market is strongly adverse. It is difficult to understand on what ground the scheme has been brought forward, unless there is something behind the scenes which only the Board know of. How flattering it must be to Mr. Forbes to see that National Telephone shares rose and were a strong market, on rumours of his retirement! Why does not the good man open a big bull account and then really retire? He might do the same with Districts, Hull and Barnsley, and a few other concerns.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE CENTENARY.

On May 18, 1801, there was laid in Capel Court the foundation-stone of the London Stock Exchange. The date and occasion are commemorated on a stone in the Strong Room of the House. Of course, brokers and jobbers had been known for centuries before this, but next Saturday the Centenary of the Capel Court Stock Exchange will be celebrated. In those early days of the last century there were less than a thousand members and clerks, to-day there are 7820. Since 1801 the House has seen changes and alterations innumerable. It was almost completely demolished in the middle of the century. It has been added to and enlarged almost every year since then. The subscription in 1801 was ten guineas per annum, members being admitted by ballot even as they are at the present day, and the first capital required for building the House was £20,000 in 400 shares of £50 each, which were readily subscribed. To-day, after several re-arrangements, the capital stands at £240,000 in 20,000 shares with £12 paid up on each.

By the courtesy of the Secretary of the Stock Exchange Benevolent

Fund we are able to reproduce two pictures of historic interest, copies of which were distributed the other night to members who sat down to the annual dinner of the Fund. The subscriptions that evening reached the sum of £21,603—a record total, and one upon which the Chairman and Stewards deserve cordial congratulation.

KAFFIRS.

At first blush, it seems ridiculous to say that the deplorable mess in the Yankee Market has anything to do with the current dulness in the Kaffir Circus. Yet the fact remains that the one has had a very great deal to do with the other. In the first place, the American panic has shaken nearly all other departments of the Stock Exchange. While the mad gamble was largely confined to professionals, it is not to be supposed that *only* those within the inner ring were connected with the boom and its subsequent smash. The Stock Exchange itself, through its members, was heavily interested. Besides those jobbers who forsook other markets in order to deal in Yankees, there were many in the Kaffir Circus who ran books in both. When the panic broke last week, these hastened to sell not only Americans, but Africans also. Moreover, another cogent connection between the two markets is furnished by the electrical sympathy which excites similar feelings in both at times of exceptional stress. A heavy Kaffir slump spells disaster to Yankees, and it is only in the nature of things that the order of movement should be reciprocal.

The high rates charged for carrying-over Kaffir shares the other day is another bugbear to the market, which dreads the idea of anything approaching a big bull account. Added to this there has been a tendency to pessimism in the Press just lately as regards the duration of the War, which quite overshadows the continued satisfactoriness of the news from the Transvaal. Several of the mines, be it remembered, have already started work, others are on the point of doing so, and this in itself should make for higher prices. The "War" may drag on many a weary month longer, but its sting is all but removed so far as the mining companies go. Therefore, all things considered, we see no reason to suppose that the next swing of the Kaffir pendulum will be in any other direction than the upward one.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

Personally, I think it is a great pity, the ease with which one can be so wise after an event. Were it not so, with what glory might I surround my prognostications of a Yankee slump! But the temptation must be gently laid on one side: the aureole would be too cheaply bought, and, with a sigh, Cæsar-like, I refuse the crown. The eyes of the World are fixed upon the "City Notes" of *The Sketch* for information as to how the market will go in the near future. Some there are who foretell another fifty-dollar drop all round, indiscriminate, chaotic.



CAPEL COURT, 1901.

Others profess that the end of the American Market has not yet come, and that orders for jobbers' ascension robes may therefore be postponed for a time. With the latter view I am inclined to coincide. It will not pay the millionaires to let the bottom fall out of the market altogether, and their efforts will be directed to salving the situation with judicious assistance. Quite possibly, the panic may have suited the books of some of these Railroad magnates—in a humbler walk of life, these gentry would probably be called something ruder and truthfuller—but

they cannot allow it to go much farther without seriously compromising their interests. The ruin of half Wall Street would spoil the whole game of the boom, and must be averted at any cost. For these reasons alone, I am strongly of opinion that the market will not be permitted to go through another spasm such as seized it last week.

For the honour of the New York Stock Exchange, it is to be hoped that the tales we have heard about the excitement in Wall Street are of the class called "fairy." To us Londoners, the idea of brokers weeping in their offices, tearing about with distorted, maniacal faces, and all that kind of thing, is as startling as it is contemptible. Fancy any member of the London Stock Exchange sitting down in his office and crying because of a slump in prices! We refuse to believe such babyish yarns. Surely our brother-brokers are made of sterner stuff. By the way, there is a curious little story going round our markets about a member of the House who gave for the call of certain American shares for the end of June account. When the rise started he was delighted. The price bounded up more and more, and at last he sold his shares—of course, for the ordinary account. But, after his sale, the price advanced much higher. He had to carry-over the shares sold, but the differences against him became so great that, although he had a magnificent profit maturing next month, he was at his wits' end to know how to find the money in the meantime wherewith to pay his differences. The risks of financing such a transaction are obvious, and it was not surprising that he had considerable difficulty in arranging matters. And this in spite of the fact that within a few weeks he stood to net a very handsome sum over his option. It is only one more instance of life's little ironies.

There are many people who love a Bond better than any inscribed stock in the world, perhaps because it is easier to raise money upon. Well, those whose fancy leads them bondwards have a tempting choice at the present time. One of the cheapest in the market is the New South Wales 4 per cent. 1910 issue, which can be bought to pay $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on the money, allowing for redemption. It is an excellent bond, and makes an unimpeachable investment. Or another, which yields a slightly higher rate of interest, is the Queensland 4 per cent. Loan, redeemable 1915. Bonds of this issue can be obtained to return $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. to the buyer, including redemption. With such investments ready to his hand, the capitalist may perhaps be excused for passing over the new Natal 5 per cent. scrip, which can be picked up at 92 $\frac{1}{2}$, an absurdly low price for a stock which is soon to become a strict Trustee investment. That the price will improve within the next few months there can be but a very small margin of doubt.

Passing from the gilt-edged to the Gold-Coasted, it is a little remarkable how the Jungle Market has quieted down under the salutary influence of the Yankee shake-out. The clique-supported shares are being permitted to go quite their own gait. Jobbers connected with the principal groups do nothing all day, and those to whose tender mercies is entrusted the fostering of the rubbish shares are equally reticent about opening their mouths. The day of rejuvenescence in West Africans is not far off, unless present appearances greatly belie future events, as I am bound to admit that they frequently do. My faith I firmly pin to Fanti Consols—almost the only shares which have held up under the recent depressing circumstances of the markets. Taquah and Abosso, now that the price is coming down, will soon be worth buying again, and I have good reasons for thinking that Fanti Corporations will not be left behind when Fanti Consols are taken powerfully in hand. London "Wags" are still tipped as good speculations. It must be borne in mind that the West African Market is still in a juvenile condition, liable to all the ills of infancy, and that it has not yet secured a firm base such as that, for example, upon which the Kaffir Market is now reared.

They tell me that Home Rails are getting near the point of cheapness, and that a selection of "Heavy" stocks would turn out well in the course of a year. For the moment, however, the market in Home Rails has not recovered from the tremors which overtook it at the prospect of a general miners' strike. Traffics, too, are scarcely what one would call bumper (unless, of course, one were a particularly stale bull); and there is also the plethora of higher-class investments going begging, which may prevent a rise in Home Rails. Wait awhile, ye Home Railway investors! You can afford to sit on the fence with Sir H. C.-B., and Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice. Had the Yankee Market been content with a mere fence instead of insisting upon scaling a wall, the consequences might have been less like those which befell Humpty-Dumpty. In which sage axiom his readers will undoubtedly agree with

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

Saturday, May 11, 1901.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

TYNORANIUS.—We think the Debentures are reasonably safe, although they are not the sort of thing we care about, and certainly not as safe as an ordinary mortgage. You might sell half if you feel nervous, and invest as suggested to "Angel" last week.

HAY SEED.—There is nothing against the people you mention, except that they are not members of the Stock Exchange. They call themselves "Commission Agents," and have carried on business in the same office for several years. Home Rails are not exactly encouraging just now. Brighton Contingent Rights at rubbish price may be worth picking up.

E. H.—You had better hold your Egyptian Delta shares. The company has bought up La Compagnie de l'Est Égyptien, and, as only 4 per cent. is paid on the 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ Pref. shares, the price has dropped. The chances are that in the long run you will get your money back.

OXEN.—Your letter was answered on the 8th inst. Further inquiry confirms what we wrote.

A. S. P.—Thanks for the information. The people you have been victimised by are the firm referred to in our note last week.

KIRKCUDBRIGHT.—The Petroleum shares we should hold if they were our own. As to whether they will reach 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ by July, we really do not know. There is an amalgamation scheme on foot, and the price of crude oil is also a factor in the question. The Iron shares are speculative, and the price is about one pound. The market does not think badly of them.

E. B. R.—The price is 5s. over that of issue. It would be wise to hold for a time.

IRONES.—Both shares are a fair speculation.

A. W. W.—You are not likely to get much out of the outside brokers. Your purchases were made for the 24th inst., and till then nothing is due. We have sent you the name of a solicitor who will recover for you if anyone can. Send him all the papers, contracts, &c.

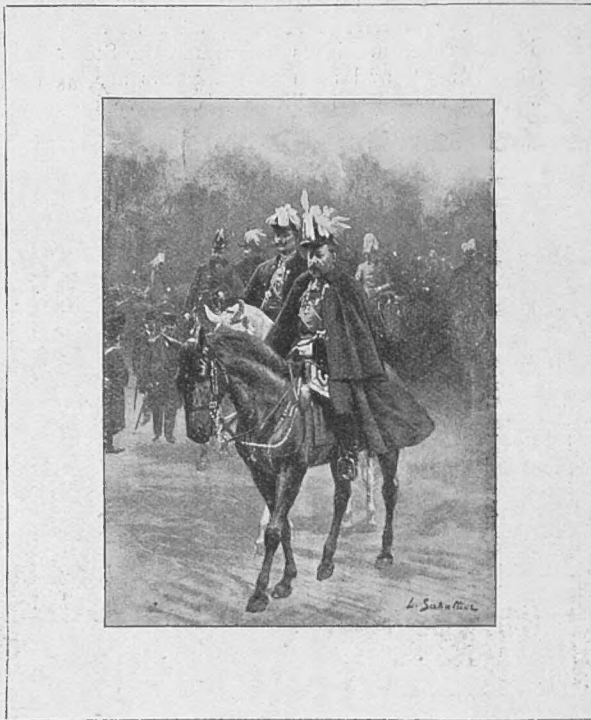
R. B.—If your account is worth anything, we expect that the paper-price was wrong, but, of course, it may have been "lack of interest," as you put it. We do not act as brokers or deal in stocks and shares. We have sent you by private letter the name of a firm of brokers who will do your business properly, and you can please yourself about consulting them.

AMBROSE.—(1) You had better take sixpence a share. (2) The Pref. shares we do not recommend for an early rise.

J. G.—Our idea is that, in the end, it will probably be cheaper for you to sell and be done with it; but we do not understand why you are unable to buy Preferred and re-convert. Your broker would surely finance the operation if you deposited the Deferred with him.

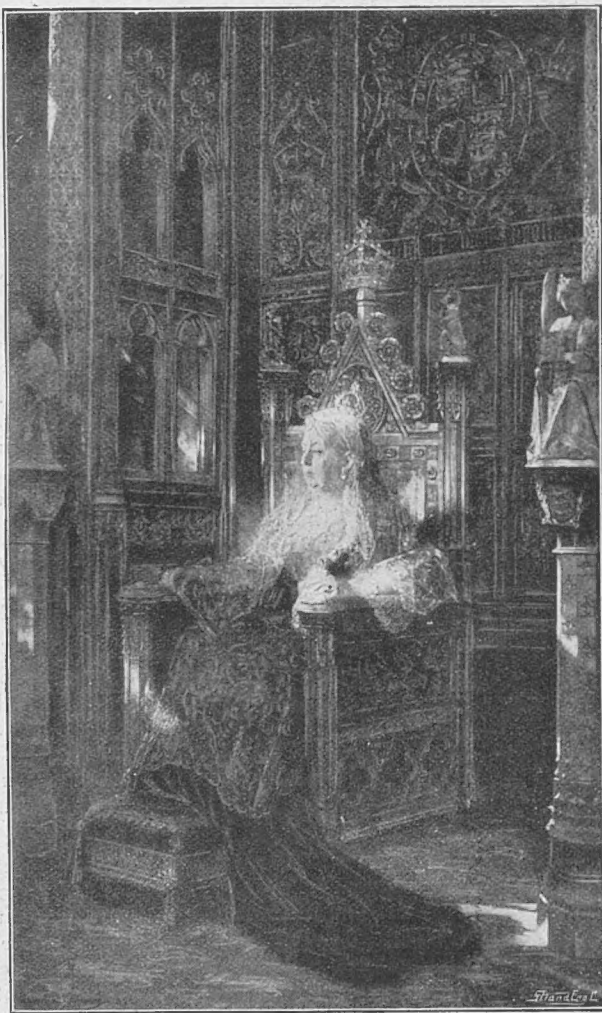
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